

DisCORNER

MAGAZINE

that water cooler mag from CiTR 101.9 FM
APRIL-MAY 2025 • VOL.42 • NO.02 • ISSUE 441 • ZERO CENTS



that water cooler mag from CiTR 101.9 fm

April-May 2025 / Vol. 42 / No. 2 // Issue #441

cover illustration by Billie Cullen

editor's note

Before I was much of a person, I read *Discorder* where I could find it, though usually in the hallways of ECUAD. This was around 2013, years after I had been kicked out of school, just as I started taking art seriously again. *Discorder* had a hand-drawn quality that bled into its coverage, which was often tonal — irreverent, but revelatory. Snark had not left the building, but it was no longer the '90s, which meant and the deathgrip irony had begun to wane. The magazine found me at a good time. I read many of then-editor Laurel Borrowman's notes like a compass, I looked forward to what *Discorder* would say about the new Hooded Fang record, or if *Kaputt* would chart. I was excited when they covered festivals I had no money for. Photographers I knew published double-exposed photos of their friends' bands in *Discorder*, and the pages frequented art of the time — twee illustrations of animal-headed humans, paper maché puppets, decorative ampersands, naturalist sketches and all things tied to indie rock, folk, and dance punk. Believe me when I tell you I would not otherwise have a memory of these things if *Discorder* did not act as an extended limb from myself to the city, incumbent upon drawing attention to Vancouver lore. Insistent that the art muscle, wherever the fuck that lives, did not go atrophy here.

All these converging timelines of *Discorder* have a fingerprint, one that is significant and life-affirming and funny to each generation. How rare — in a time, and city, that does not prioritize culture outside of commercial interest — to have this? A *Discorder* for every generation of artist in the city. The *Discorder* that we make right now dually captures something important — small snapshots of the city, moments of turmoil and pleasure. Backyard galleries proliferating noncompliance, as in Sophie Diebold's story on m.o.l.d.2, or Alicia L'Archevêque's *EAST OF MAIN* review which offers you a piece of the country scene pie. Even in Michael Yap's interview with new DIY space Take Your Time, there is the reminder that the things beside us are worth talking about, looking at, and wondering about as much as ever.

what year is it; an eternal roundtable,

-T

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PUBLISHER: Student Radio Society of UBC // STATION MANAGER: Jasper Sloan Yip // DISCORDER STUDENT EXECUTIVE: Thea Flora // EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Tasha Hefford // ART DIRECTOR: Ricky Castanedo Laredo // SOCIAL MEDIA COORDINATOR: Lauren Park // ADMINISTRATION COORDINATOR: Audrey Reich // CHARTS: Aisia Witteveen // DESIGNER: Ricky Castanedo Laredo // CONTRIBUTORS: Oceania Chee, Nicole Yeung, Jenna Chandler, Elodie Vaudandaine, Violet Zamma, Django Mavis, Sally H., Hellen Feng, Ysabel Gana, Sophie Diebold, Saige Halstead, Oisín Gunning, Gabriel Bell, Karen Zhou, Oscar Gaitens, Yaya AkoLo, Thomas McLeod, Brielle LeSage, Margo Baltzan, Alicia L'Archevêque Michael Yap, Gillian Birdsong, Alistair Henning, Sofia Wind, Hannah Martin, Ricky Castanedo Laredo, Yuko Yajima, Elodie Vaudandaine, Violet Zamma, Billie Cullen, Nate Malamud, Brian Lee // PROOFREADERS: your favourite paperpushers

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NEFARIOUS PROLETARIANS

or some contributor bios of April-May 2025

OSCAR GAITENS-MCMANUS

CiTR Radio Student Programmer and *Discorder* Writer

MICHAEL YAP

I co-lead the Discorder Archives Collective with my cousin. This is not a case of nepotism, I promise. I'm currently relistening to a lot of Sheena Ringo, Allman Brothers and King Gnu. Tune into CiTRChives!

SOFIA WIND

is a sociology and English student at UBC, a writer, a spring enthusiast, and a lover of all things local music and art

SOPHIE DIEBOLD

hosts The CiTRchives show and co-leads the Archives Collective at CiTR & *Discorder*. On romantic evenings of self, she can be found at a local show-salsa dancing with her confusion. email me: archivescollective@citr.ca wooooooooo or check out my show's instagram: @thecitrchives_show

OCEANIA CHEE

they/them. find me on substack @dangosaffron <3

ALICIA L'ARCHEVÊQUE

Me again! Multiple-time writer, one-time comedian. I love to make little movies with my big strong friends. I'm really quite happy to be here!

OISIN GUNNING

I like to talk to myself and scream into my pillow. Sometimes I write here instead.

MARGO BALTZAN

substack.com/@margoggles :)

ELODIE VAUDANDAINE

is a third-year student in the UBC-Sciences Po dual degree program who changes her major every week. She enjoys art and political philosophy.

GABRIEL BELL

From Southern California, Gabriel (he/him) is a long-time music fan with a record of listening to a new album every day for the last two years and a taste for everything, but a penchant for hip-hop, 50's-60's jazz, and world/historical music, among tons of other genres. Some of his favorite albums are Kendrick Lamar's *Mr.Morale and the Big Steppers*, Saba's *CARE FOR ME* and Jordi Savall's *Llibre Vermell de Montserrat*.

MICHAEL YAP

I like drinking coffee, playing guitar, watching movies, and cleaning dust out the corners of my room. After great reflection, I think the key to finding happiness in life is watching Black Country, New Road's live performances and dressing up as Phoebe Bridgers for Halloween.

YSABEL GANA

is a visual artist working and living in so-called vancouver.

KAREN ZHOU

is passionate about; online resources, freshly turned compost, the yellow fish stencils by roadside drains.

BILLIE CULLEN

A multimedia artist writing a love letter to so-called Vancouver. Cullen maintains that "A *Discorder* a day keeps the doctor away".

ALISTAIR HENNING

A portrait and event photographer based in downtown Vancouver. For a full portfolio and list of exhibitions & awards, visit www.AlistairHenning.com

BRIELLE LESAGE

2nd year UBC student in Poli Sci and Visual Arts

BRIAN LEE

monkey covering eye emoji

GILLIAN BIRDSONG

multimedia traditional artist

HANNAH MARTIN

Hannah Martin is a Canadian illustrator and designer based in Berlin. Find more of her work @sunlight_onmy_belly.

YUKO YAJIMA

hi

SAIGE HALSTEAD

I <3 art



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ALL ACCESS PASS

DANI SALDO
ON HOW TO BE
ALL THESE THINGS
AT ONCE

words by Nicole Yeung

illustrations by
Jenna Chandler

I'm seeking the answer to an elusive question: how do we achieve true inclusivity in the field of arts and culture? It's a big, broad question, one that should consider many different identities and roles — but this column will focus on artists with disabilities. Today, the music community has the largest presence of people with disabilities ever. Despite this, increased visibility is not synonymous with equitable visibility. When artists with disabilities are featured in media, it's usually with the intent of appearing inclusive. How do I know the inclusion of artists with disabilities isn't truly inclusive? It's because oftentimes artists with disabilities aren't afforded the freedom to express themselves in any other light.

Artists with disabilities are viewed solely through the lens of their disability, not any other facet of their identity. It's problematic, as it reduces the value of those within the disability community to their disability. On the flip side — how does the media create equitable representation for artists with disabilities without tokenizing?

A way to avoid pigeonholing artists with disabilities into one conglomerated narrative is by asking how each person would like to be presented; how much of their lived experience they'd like to disclose, if they want to discuss their disability at all. This is something I hope to do within this column.

In *All Access Pass* I will create a dedicated space for artists with disabilities to present themselves how they want. This includes artists with disabilities who don't necessarily want to be identified firstly as having a disability. How does this paradox reconcile? How do you create a space for artists with disabilities who may not want to discuss their art through a disability lens? It's a very meta question, and I don't have any concrete solutions. All I can do is keep listening to the voices of the disability community and continue to challenge our societal able-bodied bias.

It's not a perfect project. All artists that will be introduced throughout this column will be prefaced with the knowledge that they have a

disability. But it is my hope that by giving artists with disabilities the ability to tell their story or talk about their art with as much or as little disclosure about their disability as they feel comfortable with, there will be a space that allows them to be presented however they want, without having their medical information or lived experience bared to the world as 'awareness content.'

I was e-introduced to Dani when scrolling my work inbox. She had sent me an email in response to a call for musicians with accessibility needs. Dani hails from Guelph, Ontario but now resides in Toronto. Under the moniker Milk & Honey, she writes songs for film, television and advertisements, but Dani reserves her name, Dani Saldo, for her art. Although she is an artist of many different trades and media — including but not limited to directing, production, photography and videography — she considers herself a songwriter first. She's proficient in a few instruments



and sings, she tells me that she has always considered songwriting to be her biggest strength. She describes the songwriting process as making an intangible idea, tangible, which feels kind of like magic.

Dani found her musical roots in worship bands and choirs. At a young age, she found poetry and started writing songs as early as elementary school. Her inspiration comes from the media she grew up around—K-pop, J-pop, and Filipino telenovelas. Fun fact! Dani did a K-pop boot camp as a singer in the Philippines when she was in grade 10. To Dani, pursuing a creative career was the only thing that made sense. She spent years non-stop working, creating music in the professional industry all while creating her own art behind the scenes.



2020 was Dani's year. She had had a lot of momentum throughout 2020 as a singer and a musician and was on the cusp of her big moment. She released her first song, titled "Friends Don't" in April that year. She had plans of a song rollout throughout the Summer and the eventual release of an EP the following Fall. But in the Spring of 2020, Dani was in a car accident which left her with a traumatic brain injury. Her entire life came to a halt, and her sole priority was recovering as much as she could. Plans of releasing music as well as her work as a professional musician were postponed, with no expectation of a return anytime soon.

There are some experiences that you just can't understand without having felt it for yourself, someone who has never eaten chocolate cannot comprehend what it tastes like because they lack the neural connections to understand the complexities of that flavour. If you've never given birth, you couldn't begin to grasp what that pain would be like. Certain disabled experiences are similar. In Dani's case, she was thrust into a completely foreign lived experience, and her only goal was learning to adapt. For the first time in her life, she wasn't working. Her focus was her health.

The thing about being disabled, or having any marginalized identity, is that your livelihood deviates from these so-called "norms." A common thread of disability discourse is that the idea of a disability is only defined by society choosing to be non-inclusive. Because the infrastructure of our society does not choose to consider the potential needs of disabled folks, it 'others' disability. This idea of disability being

'irregular' is one completely contingent on random and arbitrary social norms. Of course, our society does 'other' different qualities in varying capacities, though the consequence of being othered for the disability community is dire. For disabled folks, being othered entails lack of equitable healthcare, fewer accommodating work opportunities, and even eugenicist laws.

Throughout 2020 to 2022, Dani experienced the consequences of becoming 'othered' by her disability. She struggled with constant recurring brain injuries, persistent fatigue, aphasia (a language disorder that affects your ability to communicate), amnesia, and other symptoms. The timeline for her recovery kept shifting, from months to years.

Dani told me a common phrase she heard throughout her recovery was 'get well soon,' and that she felt animosity and resentment about that phrase — because she wasn't getting well soon. In fact, she never fully 'got well' at all. Though she didn't want to shame anyone for wishing her well, it is thought-provoking to consider what it must've felt like to hear those words. Hearing 'get well soon' entails being cured, or returning to an original state, which was not in the cards for Dani. She had gone through an incredibly traumatic event and was coming to terms with the fact that her life would be changed forever. Every facet of herself would be affected by her disability.

Dani's return to working as a musician was gradual and unfamiliar. Her fatigue affected her ability to work for extended periods and was unable to stare at screens for too long. She struggled with doing certain admin tasks and started outsourcing. She also lost a lot of access to connections in the music industry because of her inability to consistently communicate. Because of this, there were a lot of tasks she had to now learn to do on her own, picking up many different skills in the process. For example, she learned how to create visual and graphic art. Though visual art was previously a hobby of Dani's, she had never cultivated

that skill. Having so heavily identified as a musician, she never granted herself the time to explore other forms of art.

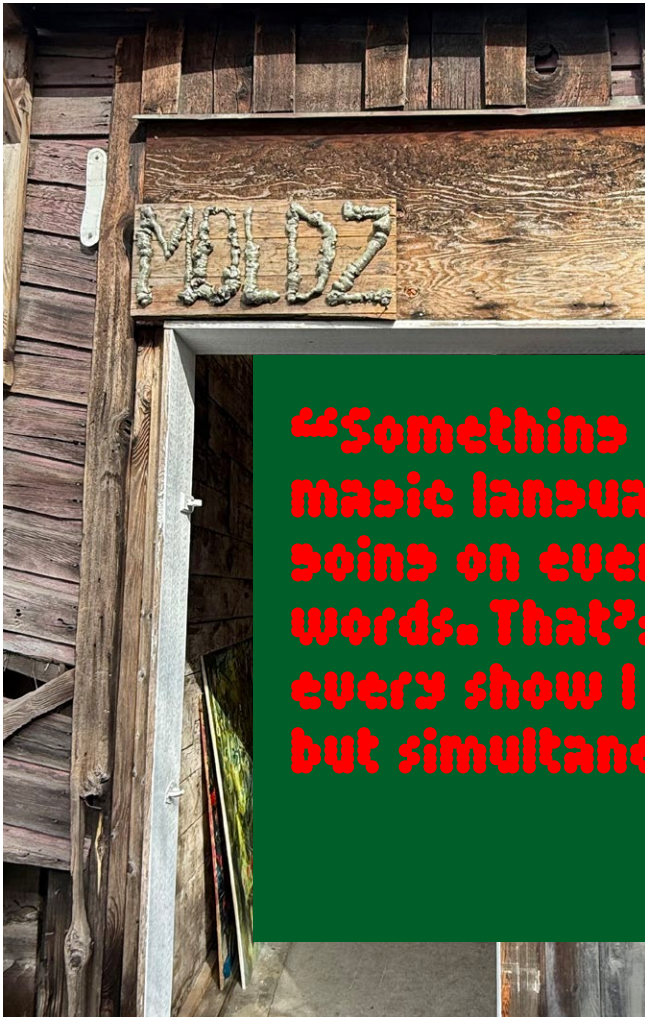
In this way, Dani does not see her disability as a completely negative experience. Yes, she had to learn how to navigate her career in an industry that provided little accessibility. She also feels she became more well-rounded for it. Learning new skills has afforded her fuller artistic license on her work. Becoming disabled has afforded her the opportunity to challenge former ideas of what being an artist meant.

Pre-accident, Dani took pride in being a workaholic. She was constantly working, constantly grinding, constantly hustling to make a name for herself as a musician. This is not an uncommon experience, capitalism rewards those who prioritize work over everything else. Post-accident, Dani realized that lifestyle was no longer sustainable for her due to her condition. She has since adopted an anti-capitalistic and anti-colonial framework for herself. This decision has changed her art for the better. Even her sound has evolved into a dreamy soundscape that truly evokes the emotion she is singing about. One of her most recent singles, "lost & found," begins with a sense

of vulnerability and a soft tone. There is a crescendo at a pivotal point in the lyrics when singing about the struggle in hiding herself. There is an openness to the soundscape, and I find it easy to connect with the emotions — specifically grief — that are embedded in these songs.

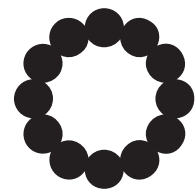
Dani's upcoming album, *Love Me Till I'm Me Again*, is a five year project that will be released late this year — as time and energy permits. She's giving herself the time and space to create slowly and meaningfully. Themes of her album are broad, but it also explores the grief she experienced when coming to terms with her disability. Including the latter allows her to be whole in her disability, acknowledging its existence. Maybe most importantly, discussing grief gives perspective to the positive and negative impacts it has had for her. Something about the truth present in this theme seems important to draw out further — that creatives with disabilities are not simply one note. To Dani, the facets of her identity are like Neapolitan ice cream. Her queerness, Filipina identity, and disability intersperse between and through each other like strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla. It is impossible to grasp who Dani is without reckoning with all three. ©





“Something about visual and material arts feels like a magic language. Like you can feel your way through what’s going on even though you’re not quite sure you have the words. That’s how I sort of feel about this show and maybe every show I curate. I don’t really know anything for sure but simultaneously it makes total and complete sense.”

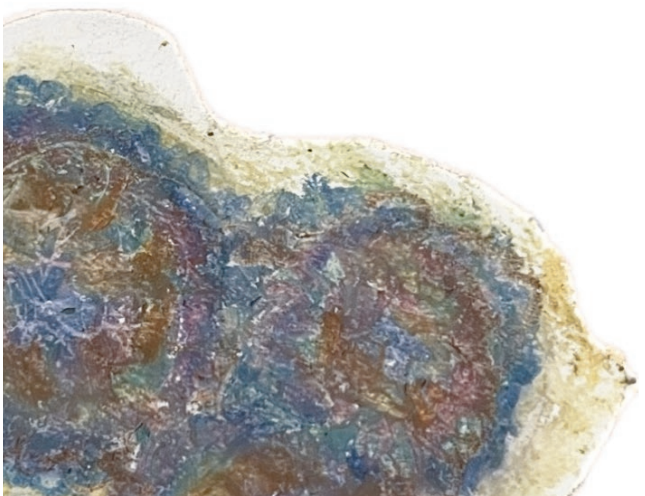
Maybe Mirror exhibition text by Mikaela Kautzky



ne of my favorite activities involves going on side-quests with my friend Wendy Frankel. A recent one entailed walking to VanDusen and testing out which plants were edible. We spent the afternoon nibbling on petals and leaves and dead man’s fingers (the fruit, not the fungus). This time around, I asked her if she wanted to join me for an exhibition tour of *m.o.l.d._2*, a garage gallery off Main and East King Ed. I knew that it would make total and complete sense for us to go together, although I didn’t fully understand why just yet. So we walked to the gallery because we like to walk everywhere.

We met up with Mikaela Kautzky, the curator, in the alleyway. Mikaela said there was no exhibition. I stood still for a second and went: “Oh...the mirror...?” It was early and I blanked on the now uninstalled exhibition name *Maybe Mirror*. The show was up solely during the opening on February 15, yet I was originally tasked with writing an exhibition review (which I’ll admit is a literary genre that I am intimidated by). I thought to myself: “Score...we can ask some questions and use our imagination in a wet and cold garage, best Monday ever.”

As Mikaela unlocked the garage door, Wendy and I stood and examined the sign hanging above it. “MOLD 2” was graffitied in spray foam insulation onto a wooden panel. It looked mossy and moldy, although it wasn’t, and it made total and complete sense. We’d learn later that it’s called *m.o.l.d* because the original location had mold — which, thankfully, was eradicated for *m.o.l.d._2*.



THE TOTAL AND COMPLETE SENSE OF REVIEWING AN EMPTY GARAGE GALLERY

words by Sophie Diebold / illustrations by Saige Halstead / photos courtesy of the author and the gallery

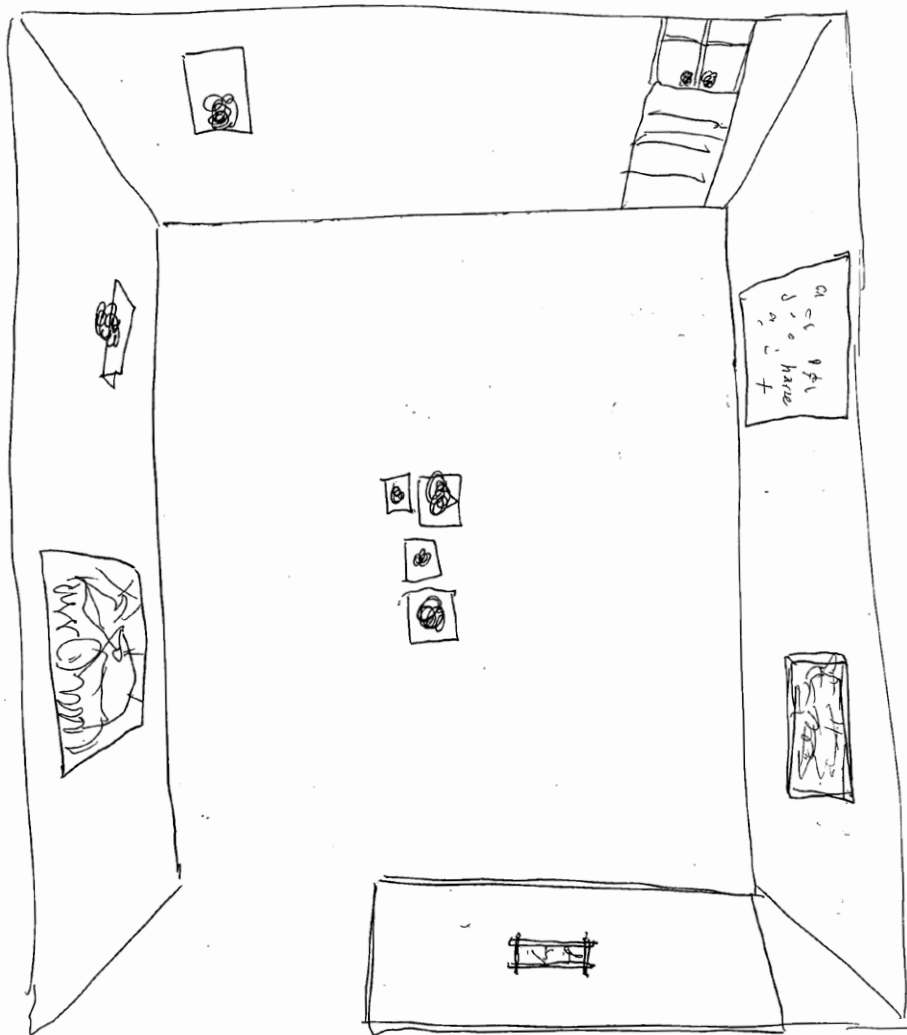
Entering the space, the first thing we all noticed was the number three. It confronted us from the wall adjacent to the door, typographically painted on a panel, hidden behind a gap in the wall, covered by a rusty net. Mikaela said it wasn’t there last time she had been there, which had been a few days prior. It’s like it was mirroring us in a beautiful ominous manner. A painting by one of the featured artists, Novalynn Diguistini, stood on the floor leaning against the wall near the door — this was the only piece left in the space.

Mikaela pointed at several spots on the wall where the paintings were once hung. She waved her palms around the center of the room to indicate the former location of Mengya Zhao’s intricate porcelain sculptures. She handed us each a copy of the exhibition text, which included a hand drawn floor plan of the space, each corner of it marked by scribbles and quadrilaterals of all kinds, skewed to fit the birdseye perspective. Mikaela’s gestures, the floorplan, and the photos

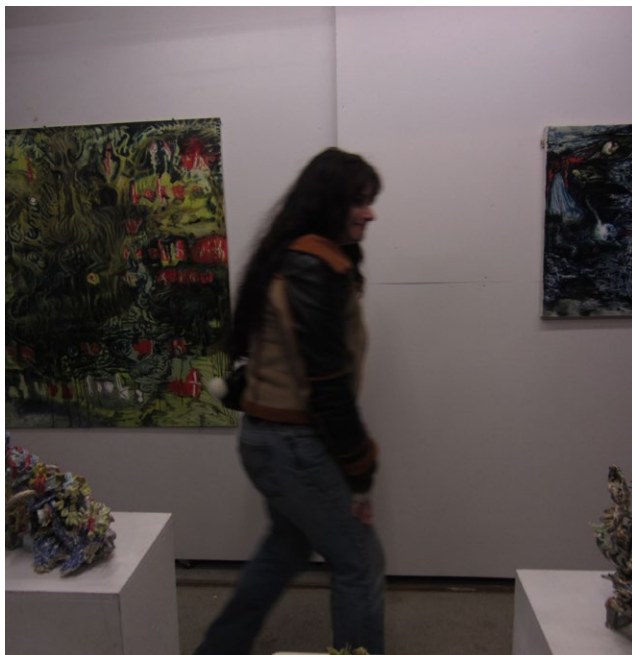
on Instagram gave me a good idea of how things used to be. Once I created my own construction of the exhibition aided by an assortment of simulacra, we fired away.

The first iteration of this gallery existed in a similar garage space named *m.o.l.d*, located in Mikaela’s backyard. It served as a studio split between three people and held the occasional exhibition, one to three times a year. The current space — *m.o.l.d._2* — is also a shared studio space and is separated by a modular wall. *Maybe Mirror* was the first show in this new garage location. It consisted of paintings by Novalynn Diguistini and sculptures by Mengya Zhao that mirrored each other — Mikaela was compelled by the fact that both artists had never met or seen each other’s work before.

The larger goal is for this garage to be a stepping stone gallery for local artists. In Vancouver, there appears to be



MAYBE MIRROR



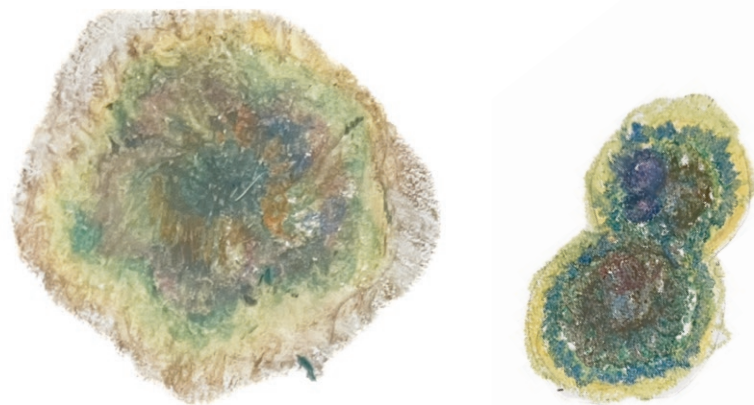
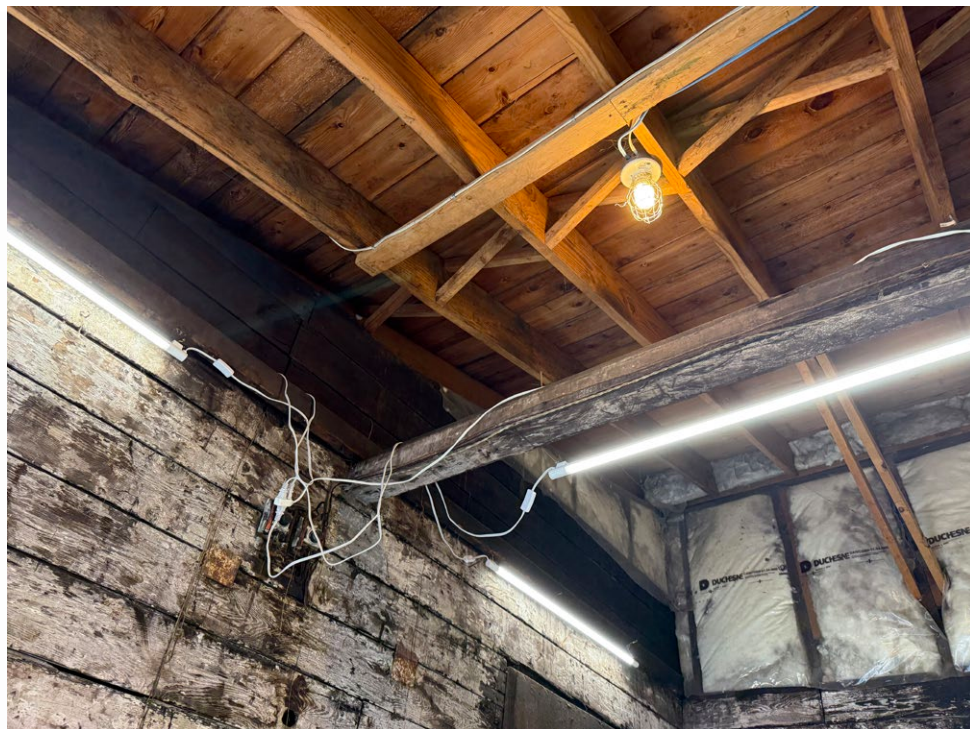
a chunk missing between an artist's first show and exhibiting at bigger, commercial galleries. Mikaela was inspired to create this space after living in Montreal, where galleries of varying tiers thrive.

It doesn't hold the conventional cyclical nature of your average gallery — or at least the ones that I'm aware of. What I mean by this is that everything seems to unfold organically. There is no constant need to plan a show. A show happens when it's supposed to.

Mikaela also underscored the intentionality of solo or two-person exhibitions in comparison to group exhibitions. *Maybe Mirror* was a unique occurrence given the parallels between both artists' oeuvre. At *m.o.l.d._2*, everything unfolds organically. A show happens when it's supposed to — it "feels healthy and inspiring, and it's not a job but a fun exploration," she told us. My heart did a cartwheel.

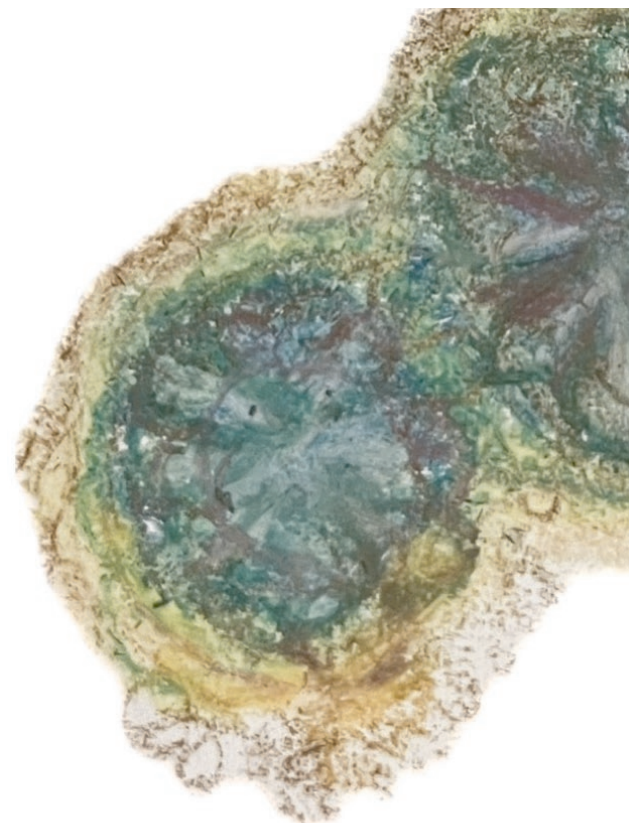
And so, why why whyyyyyyyyyyyy was the garage *currently* empty, you may ask? Most of *m.o.l.d._2*'s exhibitions only exist during the opening. Mikaela is a ski and board photographer and videographer — her practice has always existed in both the commercial sport world and art scene. "I wish it could be open longer," she tells us, "but I just have my life going on. I tried on some of the first shows to keep it open longer but gallery sitting is a job, and I don't really have the time to do it. And these spaces are also just damp and cold."

Mikaela has created a space where inspiring conversations happen naturally, and where artists and friends and acquaintances all connect and use their imagination together. Even in an empty "no exhibition" version of *m.o.l.d._2*, there was magic in the air. Or maybe it was the mold. Our loosely-structured interview became a brainstorm for future exhibitions. After learning that Wendy and Mikaela's studio mates are all insect-heads, we imagined a freaky exhibition where one feels like they're under a microscope.



Back when Wendy used to work at the Beaty Biodiversity Museum, she'd pin insects and very meticulously arrange their limbs and wings to fit within exhibition standards. Mikaela's studio mate, Jane, is a beekeeper and makes sculptures out of beeswax. I started to imagine *m.o.l.d._2* transformed into a beehive, where the smell of honey and beeswax would leave no room for petrichor. Maybe next time we come to *m.o.l.d._2* we'll have an insect-head congregation, and get an exhibition going.

After our *m.o.l.d._2* (or, Monday Of Lovely Distractions_2), Wendy and I came across the Main Street Honey Shoppe. In light of total and complete sense, we each got four honey sticks and slurped them on the way home. ©



Country Mouse City Mouse Hamster

words by Elodie Vaudandaine
illustrations by Violet Zamma

Tiziana La Melia's *Country Mouse City Mouse Hamster* (2023) is a Y2K inspired video installation currently exhibited at the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery. In this film, inspired by the *The Town Mouse & the Country Mouse* fable, "city hamsters," Bella and Velour take a trip to the country. The film examines the confrontations between the city dwellers and the country "mice" inhabiting the rural area. These clashes are presented humorously through the actor's performances, consisting of loosely written lines, improvisation, and fourth wall breaking. The tension between these two worlds is also visual. Fashion plays a large role in fleshing out the two protagonists, who sport Juicy Couture, lingerie, and holographic heels. Through the contrast between the urban fashionistas, their environment and interlocutors, the work explores how consumption and the urban-rural divide impact how we relate to our means of subsistence.



“They do
not know
but they
are lost”

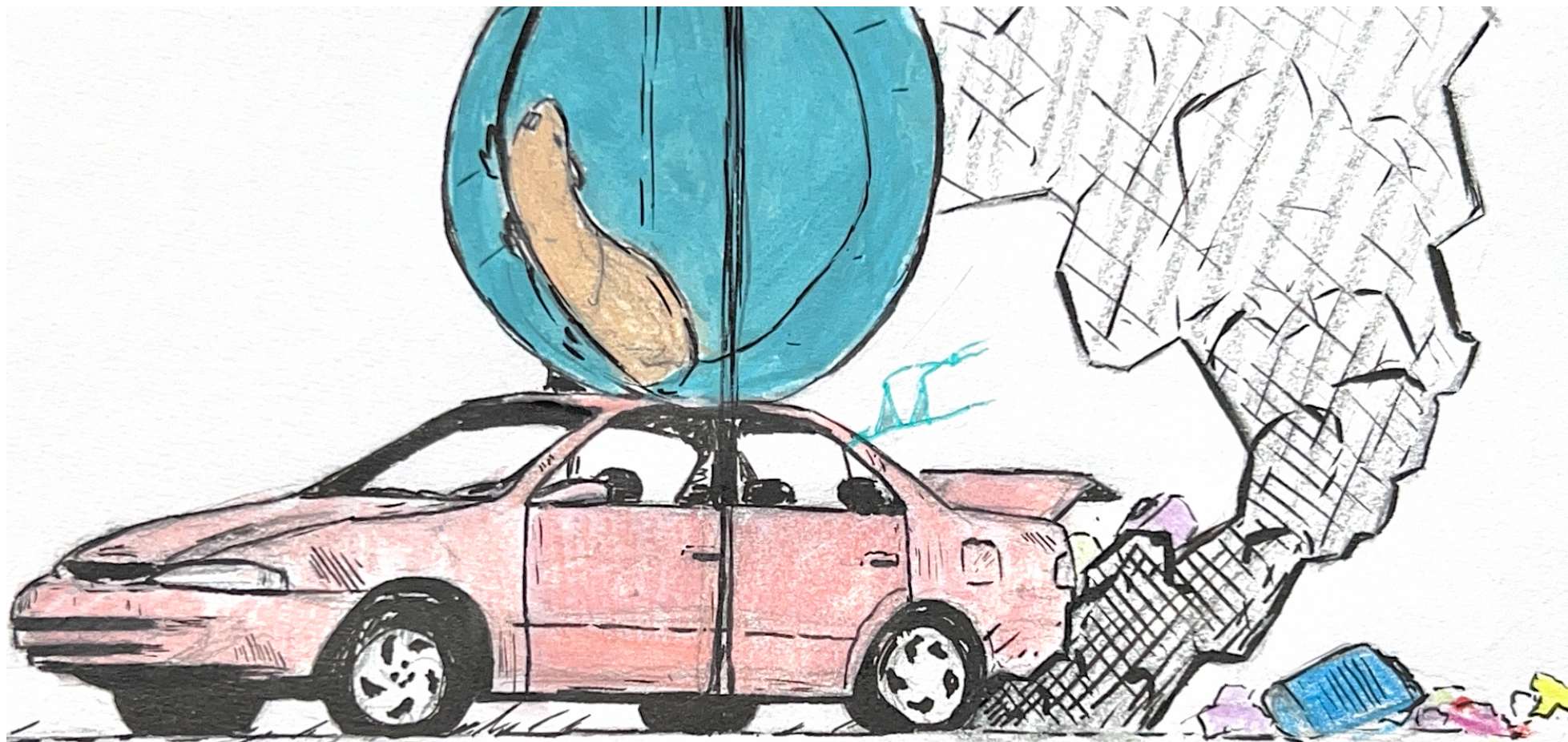
As the city hamsters take a drive from downtown Vancouver to the Okanagan, something about these characters reads as aloof. The hamsters are detached from their situation, appearing to be living in a fantasy world. Caught up in their city habits, the country is made intelligible to them only through the grid of the urban. At times, the characters' behaviour seems to border on hallucination, reaching its peak during their parking lot excursion to set up a farmers market stand in the dead of night. The sound and visuals contribute to the portrayal of the character's disorientation, the warping images and dissonant soundtrack conveying a sense of nausea.

The hamsters' confusion while submerged in the countryside is accompanied by their ignorance of their new environment, an important theme explored throughout the film. The film makes many jokes about how the hamsters are unknowledgeable of where their food really comes from. "How do you get the vegetable to that," Velour asks to the surprise of a farmers market vendor. Yet, upon discovering the origin of their

sustenance, they have little interest in it. As they go to collect "the bounty" of the land, tilling the soil and picking apples, they are unable to stay focused on a task for more than a few minutes before deciding they are "over it" or simply forgetting what they were doing. The hamsters are visibly bored and dissatisfied with their new country life.

The ignorance of these characters effectively critiques the fetishised commodity. The protagonists only know their objects of consumption, the milked almonds they drink in their coffee, removed from the social relations that produced them. Caught up in the exchange value of objects, the tangibility of the commodity is unintelligible to them. Moreover, the way in which these airheaded characters are exaggerated reveals an inhuman quality to them. This portrayal is consistent with the Marxist message the film conveys. The hamsters, alienated from what Marx termed "sensuous human activity," have been deprived of what constitutes our essence as humans. They are unable to recognise how their high-paced, consumption-based lives are in contrast to the fulfilling pursuit of living off the land and tending to one's immediate needs. Indeed, there is something about these characters that appears unfulfilled as they struggle to engage in the simple act of providing for themselves, finding only temporary pleasure in hedonistic diversions. They are incomplete and lost, supporting Marx's claim that activity is "not merely a means to live but the foremost need in life."





“Rotting pears cemented”

In place of returning to their roots, the hamsters appear to have sublimated or displaced their relationship to their means of subsistence into a sexual affinity for fruits and vegetables. The food in this film is undeniably more sexual than appetising. Close-ups of the meals prepared by the hamsters possess a vulgar quality. The tingling sounds of churning food are uncomfortable. “I’m very... very well versed with balls,” says Velour while preparing a spaghetti dish.

To the shock of the farmer’s market vendors in an Okanagan town, the hamsters pick out twisted carrots that appear to be in a “cuddle puddle,” proceeding to stroke on their forearms with them. Later that day, Velour stuffs their bra with green apples for a photoshoot in the middle of a strip mall. Beyond their humorous appeal, these moments shed light on the hamsters’ displaced attachment to food and the land. The protagonists are caught up in a purely aesthetic infatuation with their food, failing to grasp the real purpose of it. The direction of the characters’ sexual drive toward their means of subsistence seems to be confirmed by Velour’s reading aloud of Freud’s *The Interpretation of Dreams*. This psychoanalytic text analyses a patient’s dream of a

pear on top of a windowsill as a symbol of his desire to suckle his mother’s breasts. As this reading unfolds, the hamsters are themselves picnicking in a field of rotting pears. Velour begins squashing pears with high heels between shots of the fallen fruit tagged with lipstick. Everything about the scene is sexually charged, revealing the extent to which the hamsters are propelled by unfulfilled desire sublimated towards the aesthetic enjoyment of fruit. Their displaced drive toward their means of subsistence can perhaps explain why they are unable to grasp their own alienation.

Overall, La Melia’s film is a provocative exploration into the impacts of rural displacement on the relationship of urban populations to food and the land. The satirical quality of the work appears to serve a Marxist critique of the fetishism of the commodity and alienation, supported by the evocation of contemporary slippage between the portrayal of food and sex. ©



EMMA GOLDMAN

AT THE END OF THE WORLD

I was at Kingsgate Mall for maybe 5 minutes before I ran into Pavel and Hayley, the drummer and bassist respectively of Emma Goldman. We recognize each other instantly — a combination of how vacant the mall was, and our shared history playing in Vancouver’s skittish punk scene. They ask me the usual questions people ask you when you haven’t seen each other in a while, and I proceed to pull aside the blinds and reveal the ceaseless rain in my head; a system of bad weather that has rarely let up for the past number of years. Quarantine, life after quarantine, and the return to whatever-the-fuck “normalcy,” the resurrection of bigotry, fascism, and imperialism to the forefront of politics, the unsettling tremor of a world on the brink of war, or already deep in it. These anxieties live in me, and (un)reasonably soaked the questions that I had prepared for this interview. Felix and Victoria eventually join us at the heart of the mall — an idiosyncratic coffee stand patroned by the sleepless in search of anything caffeinated.

**WORDS
AND PHOTO
BY RICKY
CASTANEDO
LAREDO
ILLUS-
-TRATIONS
BY YUKO
YAJIMA**

Let’s get the necessary history out of the way — Emma Goldman is a screamo band composed of the four aforementioned members, and no, not one of them *is* Emma Goldman. Like most bands, it started as a solo side project that suddenly grew long enough legs to become a full-fledged band in 2017. Pre-quarantine, the then-three-piece were pretty certain they were some form of emo band akin to Mineral, but fate, in the form of a show offer, would have a different say. “We said ‘yes’ to the show before we knew it was with Elle and Lord Snow [...] and when we found out it was like, ‘oh, I guess we’re a screamo band,’” recounts Victoria when she learned the aggression and volume of the acts they’d be sharing the bill with. Re-imagining their sound, they quickly became a staple of Vancouver’s small but emotionally dense hardcore scene and released a short and electric succession of music (their self-titled EP, a song titled “Pastor of Muppets,” and a split with the band Clavel) over 2 years. Their trajectory was parallel to that of many independent bands gaining ground in their scene — and then the pandemic hit.

Like most of us during the quarantine era, Emma Goldman disappeared into the unreal circumstance — engaging with catastrophe in algorithmic time before logging in to their work-from-home stations to pretend that everything was okay. While not entirely without movement — Pandemic-born anxiety pushed Victoria to shed the bass and focus solely on vocals, prompting the band to enlist Hayley on bass — Emma Goldman drifted in the doldrums of time. They released one song on a 4-way split in 2020, but that was it as far as a perceivable output. Below the still turbulence of the pandemic, the four became entrenched in the online world, already the favoured haunt for like-minded music nerds to share niche genre finds. In

this sanctuary, many would find respite from the seemingly absurd conditions and bounce the same energy back. Aptly described by Pavel as, “absurd in the face of absurdity,” the humour and conversation born within these spaces would become an anchoring — almost dadaist — ethos for the band moving forward.

really intensified since COVID. A lot of those feelings are what we started writing about,” Felix shares of the energy in the songs. Up until this point, the interview has confirmed what I already knew to some extent, and the questions I penned in the dark of my anxieties were being answered almost unprompted. The long shadow cast



Now, just over two years after the pandemic has been officially deemed ‘over,’ the wind has caught within their sails, and the band is on the cusp of releasing their first full-length, *all you are is we*. Having listened to their two singles (“This is your brain on minimal wage” and “I don’t think much at all”) read the lyrics, and stared into the artwork, I could sense that the past five years, however quiet, were central to the themes in the album. “We became used to dealing with total catastrophe in our lives and as part of our routine [...] and that seems to have

by the pandemic years marked us all, and I suspected that a screamo band would not shy from engaging with it — in anger, to mourn what we lost, or to dispel its curse.

“Woven through the album there are themes that reflect a more communal aspect of things [...] creating, I don’t know — optimism, I guess? Even though there is a lot of pessimism,” shares Hayley on unsure footing, and Victoria quickly jumps in to steady her, “there is a little bit of optimism, for sure” she chuckles. Optimism is unexpected, but through our conversation, the band shared it with me effortlessly and



with more excitement than the performative dourness some of their contemporaries carry themselves with. Right after touching on the anxiety that laces the album, the band shares how amazing it feels to be performing again after years locked away behind screens. A new generation of showgoers shored onto the local scene and the energy shift is palpable. People hungry for live music, community, belonging, and wild respite from the on-mute years of lockdown and the consistent downpour of catastrophe. As a punk band, Emma Goldman was prepared to meet the moment in kind — “we want to show them that *this* is important — sharing a space together, sharing a moment in time,” explains Hayley. Felix agrees and adds, “sometimes we just need time to be silly and to laugh — to dance! I think that’s an important aspect of the music in this album. We want to talk about these serious things but we also want to leave moments for people to feel joy and celebrate and dance.” This desire to get people moving led to the use of ‘gabber music’ throughout *all you are is we* — an intense genre of rave music born of the European working class, a discovery made by Pavel while diving into the low depths of the metaverse during those lockdown years. “It’s music made for when you need to let out some steam, kind of like screamo,” says Victoria. The valve-release from the pressurized atmosphere of our quotidian condition is welcome, perhaps even desperately needed.

But this speaks to something even more integral to the band, something which went mostly unsaid and instead was felt in the quiet fervor of the conversation. Almost as a direct response to the isolation we’ve been conditioned to exist in — Emma Goldman are happy to be here, and to be a part of something with other people. “It’s an optimistic anarchist line,” explains Victoria of the album’s title, *all you are is we*, “you’re nothing except for you and the people around you. You can find your dopamine fix in a doom scroll on the internet, but at the end of the day, all you really have is those around you.” To be a part of something is the inevitable part of being human. We can’t escape it. As the five of us sat at the coffee stand in the middle of Kingsgate Mall, amidst the cacophony of voices cutting through looping muzak, I could sense we all understood this intimately. In the din of life in public, we were at once indispensable and indiscernible — relevant only to one and another yet tethered to a rhythm of strangers around us. This could read as disempowering — after all, a small

punk band from Vancouver likely won’t change the course of history — but bringing people together is a powerful and vital act of belonging and empowerment. In a world that has deemed most of us irrelevant, we seek affirmation of our existence in each other — all we are is we. In this I find the answer to my ultimate question: at the end of the world, why do anything at all?

We explored the mall in search of good photo-ops for this feature, and I had the band stand awkwardly in front of storefronts and mirrors, simultaneously in the way of the crowds and exactly where they should be. It was important to me to capture the band as they were in that moment — four casual punks, redefining what it means to be alive and making music at the end

of the world, at least as we knew it. As I wandered down a dark melodramatic path alone, the flicker of their fire coaxed me out from beneath the weather — if only for an hour. And while it is impossible to say what impact *all you are is we* will have once it is released into the world, talking with them about it for an hour unquestionably began to fray my defeatism. If we dance tonight, maybe we can have a revolution tomorrow. ©

Emma Goldman will release all you are is we in May of 2025. Catch their release show at Green Auto on May



After being served by a 40% rent increase, *648 Kingsway* was forced to shut its doors with their last show in late August 2024. To much surprise, the venue was taken over and rebranded as *Take Your Time*, hosting its first event under new leadership in September. The self-described ‘no-working space’ has since expanded to include events ranging from artist gatherings, book clubs, drag shows, and raves. To learn more about their plans and vision, I interviewed the new team at the venue, Luis Gonzalez Bernal and Anne Duong, along with their supporting team members Caileigh Hunt St. Louis, Cam Duong, Dayton Bowen, and Zoe Fortune to understand their vision for the space and their plans for the future.

Michael Yap: Would you guys like to introduce yourselves?

Caileigh Hunt St. Louis: My name is Caileigh. I help with making posters and running doors.

Anne Duong: My name is Anne and I organize with Luis.

Luis Gonzalez Bernal: Anne works full-time so we can do this. I don’t have another job. Take some credit.

AD: This *is* a job. But, yeah, I organize with Luis. I help out with doors, putting together events, talking to people, setting up the vibes, creating posters.

LG: I’m Luis, I answer emails and DMs and absorb stress so people can do whatever they want.

Dayton Bowen: I’m Dayton. I do sound at the venue for the bands. I also do visuals for live shows, which I’ve been having a lot of fun with.

Cam Duong: My name is Cam, I’m a family friend of Luis and Anne. I’ve just been helping around with doors, socials.

Zoe Fortune: I’m Zoe, I helped out from the start, doing doors and posters mostly.

What does a no-working space mean to you?

LG: The short answer is that it’s a pun on co-working. The slightly longer answer is that no-working is mutual support, shared resources, community space, and radical education. Those are values derived and slightly edited from Dean Spade’s book on mutual aid. They’re inherently anti-capitalist concepts that we try to follow. Instead of being negative, we want to offer a potential path to collaboration. We don’t need to save the world, but we want to make things better for each other for as long as we can.

ZF: Yeah, I would definitely express the sentiment that this idea came from Luis. But, sitting in the space and seeing all the different groups of people that have started meeting each other has been really cool to see. *Take Your Time* is still acting as a venue, but it’s kind of portraying the ethos of a no-working space already.

LG: I feel like it’s important to state that this was not at *all* my idea. The anti-work movement is a very real thing.



Anarchy has been around for centuries. If I can take credit for anything, it’s trying to make it pretty [in here] instead of cool or edgy. But these are timeless anarchist concepts. To be only engaging in voluntary labor, voluntary effort — not coerced — that’s the goal.



AD: The whole idea of no-working is really funny because when I talk about no-working, everybody's like, 'so that means you don't work'. It doesn't mean that. It's pro-labor. It's pro-effort, but seeing and feeling the value of the effort you put in. For us, it's taking care of the community, ourselves or loved ones. It's a very simple motivation that we started with and we just got to spread it to the community.

So, what was the interior design concept outside of pretty?

AD: We didn't have a fixed idea, the only philosophy I had was; 'it's a space for the people.' We started out painting very cutesy colors. Then we started our 'Common Ground' meetings where

Weekends, shows, cleaning up, and then another show.

AD: We've been doing three shows a week.

LG: To be honest, things are only getting easier for me as more people come to help. Dayton specifically — they're great.

AD: what we want to do with the weekdays are things like low-sensory yoga, art markets, band practices, and film projects. It's such a joy to see all the different artists coming here and having fun.

So, we definitely want to extend the ethos of this space to other parts of our life. To make the experience more well-rounded. Take Your Time should be a space where people can just come in and do whatever



Christian from Sleepy Gonzales suggested, since it's for the people, then it's probably a good idea to do a community decoration event. At first it looked like a nursery and now it's more of a high-school vibe. We're just excited to see it grow organically. We don't really have a set vision, but it's going to grow with time.

What's the day-to-day of running this place?

LG: Weekdays it's mostly emails and DMs. Anne works full time to support us. I wouldn't have started a no-working space if I had the strongest work ethic, you know? So, just trying to live the values each and every day.

they want to do — pursue whatever they want to pursue. We try to keep the pricing very affordable to make that third space accessible.

LG: Yeah, we've done a lot of shows, and we're really focused on that right now because of the history of the space and that pre-existing community. We encourage and support that fully. But hopefully, as the community expands beyond just the music scene, other people will also [get involved]. We just hope to hold space for them to do that.

Is this what you guys plan on when you envision this place?



LG: Yeah, I grew up in the Victoria music scene and I have experience doing DIY shows and underground stuff. I still love that, but at some point I realized that what really attracted me to the underground was something I think everyone intuitively knows — it's anti-establishment ethos. Exploring that more intellectually, we eventually decided that we weren't gonna do just a venue — we were gonna do a no-working space.

What's your favorite event or show that you've hosted so far?

DB: I liked the show we did a couple weeks ago, with Sylvia Graves, Sixth Grade Softball, ?Numb?Dame?. That was a really cool set of artists.

CH: I liked *Emo Night* on Valentine's Day. I like when people get dressed up for the occasion. You know, the people love a theme. It's nice to do an all-ages events as well, so [underage people] get to experience shows in a safe and welcoming environment. It's not intimidating, but it's also really cool. You get the best of both worlds for sure.

LG: I would prefer for this place to not be cool. I want it to be beautiful.

CD: I love the fact that we're attracting a diverse group of people. We've had private events, country and folk acts, DJ nights.

LG: A touring artist from Hong Kong [Luna is a Bep] played here.

CD: It's beautiful to have been attracting different artists — it's rewarding.

What have you guys found challenging so far?

LG: I'm a big-time introvert and this is a very nice way to be social and be part of a community. This is a place where I feel safe and there is a level of comfort or opportunity to talk to people that I don't feel everywhere. It's still a challenge to go from being a hermit to this — I'm talking to so many people, I'm still adjusting, but

it's been a positive adjustment. I definitely feel less lonely and more fulfilled than when I was working from home.

AD: I think trying to keep it sustainable in the long run will be the challenge. I'm tackling the business strategy and trying to make sure that we have enough funding to keep the space sustainable. Right now we're working in-the-moment with a little long term planning — like for the next year or two. Balancing what we can do to keep the space sustainable but also accessible. Focusing on the practical side of things, and taking care of that so people can just come here and do their thing, and not have to think about it.

Yeah, on that note, the previous team, Clara and Sho, interviewed with *Discorder* in 2023 and they said; 'max we're going to do this is another five years.' But it seems you guys don't really have a set end date. You're just trying to see how long this can go?

AD: Yeah, that's how we want to think about it. Of course, there's hope, especially so that *Take Your Time* can also evolve into different forms. I think for us, it's really just about trying to do our best with our skill sets. Everybody on the team has unique abilities. The mindset here is more about creating a sense of abundance and [being able to] share what we have, and just build on that. So, the primary concern right now is sustainability, trying to plan for the long term.

Anything that people should be looking forward to? Anything that you guys are excited to do coming up soon?

LG: *Music Waste* should be fun, but also a larger variety of stuff. It'd be great to be open during the day. The original plan was nine to five, no-working — which is just co-working — but anti hustle culture. I like to call it capitalist survival. If you need to do your job, you can do it here. But if you want to do something else, or do nothing, we want to be here for you too.

We love the local music scene, but we want to do more for a more varied group of people and interests. It is kind of an experiment because you do need that person to come in and say, 'I really want to do this.'

AD: Yeah, we've had very, very different groups of people come through. High school students, adults, people in the scene — like all over the place. Our ethos is spreading joy and positive messages. If you're going to be a dick, you're not welcome to come here and put something together. How we set this space up, how we deal with things on a personal level — it sends a very strong message. ☺



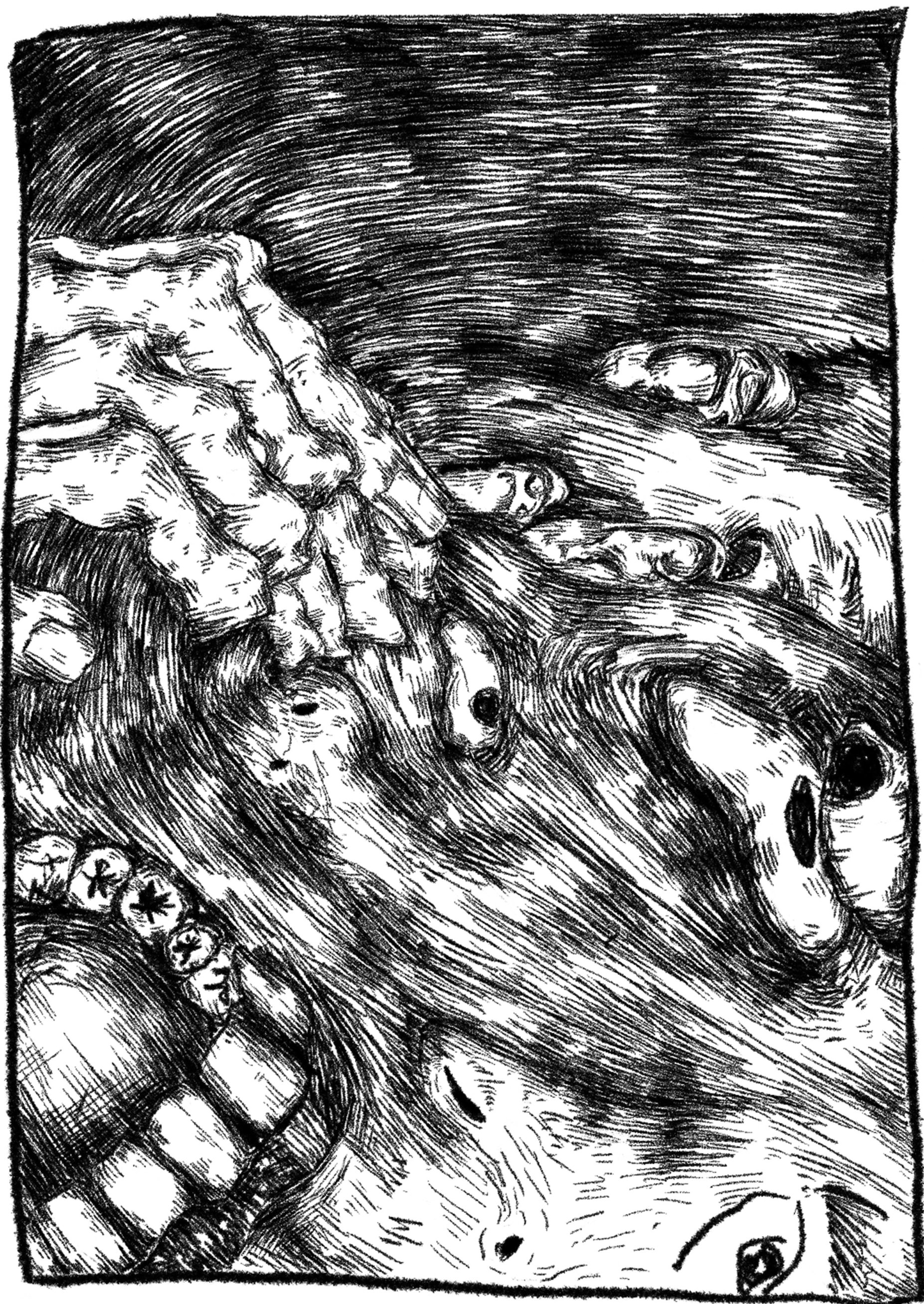
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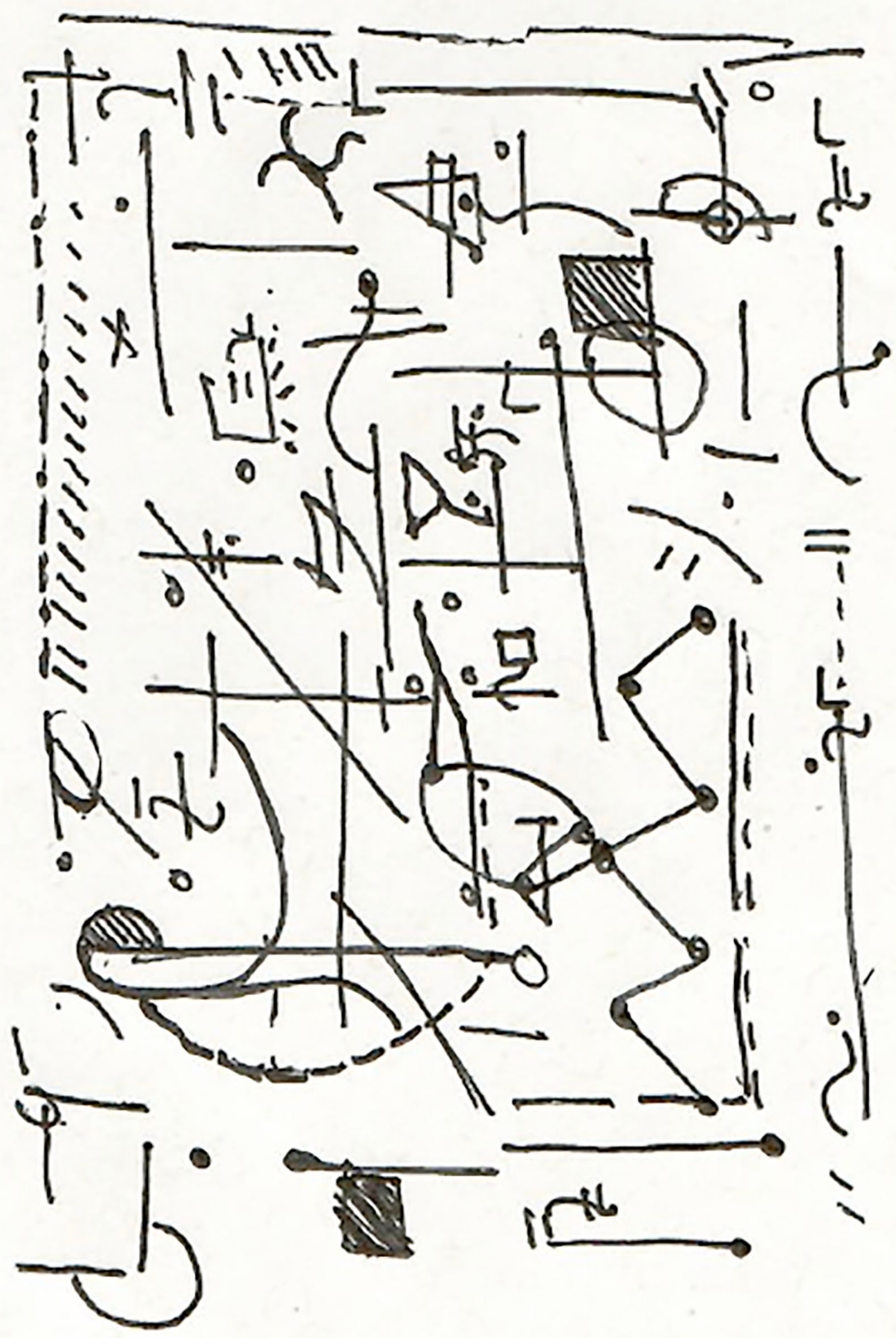
DOCUMENTARY FILM FESTIVAL

MAY 1-11²⁰²⁵



DOXAFESTIVAL.CA





SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

01	02	03	04	05
LAUREL @ THE BILTMORE		JACK GARTON/THE SECRET BEACH/ROUNDELAYS @ GREEN AUTO	YOUTH LAGOON @ THE BILTMORE LA LUNE/PISS/SHOPLIFTER/CHLORINE TIME MACHINE @ GREEN AUTO	GROSS SKELETON/COWABUMMER/VELVET RUSH/TAYLOR ROBERDS @ TAKEYOURTIME INGROWN/APEX PREDATOR/DON'T SWEAT IT/SELF ARREST @ BULLY'S
06	07	08	09	10
HEY, NOTHING @ THE BILTMORE	BILLY RAFFOUL @ THE BILTMORE CALLING ALL CAPTAINS/GUTTER KING/IDIOFAME @ BULLY'S STUDIOS BETTER LOVERS/TEENAGE WRIST @ THE PEARL	BLIND TIGER COMEDY: COLISEUM @ CHINA CLOUD STUDIOS INFIDELS JAZZ PRESENT: GRDINA & LILLINGER @ HERO'S WELCOME DEAD DRONE @ RUSSIAN HALL	THE ARMY, THE NAVY @ THE BILTMORE WILLIS/MANWOLVES @ WISE HALL WEATHERDAY/CHERRY PICK/TIGER RE-ALLY/TERRIFYING GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL @ GREEN AUTO FLAT EARTH/AFTER THE FOX/JULIEN LAVOIE @ GREY LAB	GREEN AUTO GREENHOUSE @ GREEN AUTO JISEI/DRIVE YOUR PLOW OVER THE BONES OF THE DEAD/EMMA GOLDMAN/LORD WROUGHT/FLLIGREE SILVER GOD @ RED GATE 2GIRLS1DAM/PHUTUREMEMORIEZ/DJEDDY @ TAKE YOUR TIME ETRAN DE 'L'AÏR/MAYA ONGAKU @ THE PEARL
13	14	15	16	17
CLAP YOUR HANDS AND SAY YEAH @ THE BILTMORE		HIGH VIS/MILITARIE GUN/AGE OF APOCALYPSE @ THE PEARL	STARS @ COMMODORE BALLROOM	TOWNIE/SKY LAMBOURNE @ GREEN AUTO DEAD MAN'S HAND/DISPOSIBLE DIS-GUISE/CASCADE/CRYPTYDS @ TAKE YOUR TIME LUELLA/TEETH TO YOUR THROAT/MAL CRIADO/STALE @ GREY LAB
20	21	22	23	24
BUTCHER BROWN @ THE BILTMORE	G-EAZY @ VOGUE	LEPROUS @ VOGUE THEATRE	MOGWAI/PAPA M @ COMMODORE BALLROOM ?NUMB?DAME?/BLINDSPOT/SLOWCIDE @ GREEN AUTO	CARA BATEMAN @ GREEN AUTO HALELUYA HAILU/PETTY CRIME/JIAN & KITTEN CO. @ TAKE YOUR TIME IN PIECES/DESERTED/HEAD CANYON @ GREY LAB DEAFHEAVEN/GATECREEPER/TRAUMA RAY @ THE PEARL
27	28	29	30	
		POP EVIL @ RICKSHAW THEATRE	WORLD'S GREATEST DAD/BUDDIE/RUNNER @ GREEN AUTO BASIA BULAT @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE THE MARY WALLOPERS @ VOGUE THEATRE RAVEENA/RENAO @ COMMODORE BALLROOM TEEN MORTGAGE/SPOON BENDERS @ THE FOX CABARET	

artwork by Nate Malamud

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Friday 2025

artwork by Brian Lee

04	05	06	07	08	09	10
		• TEENAGE DADS @ FOX CABARET	• LEVITATION ROOM/LOS BENDERS @ THE PEARL • SAM MORRIL @ VOGUE	• JO PASSED/NAT/TIM THE MUTE/AVERY SLOANE @ GREEN AUTO • ANEES @ VOGUE • THE HARD QUARTET/EVICHSEN @ COM-MODORE BALLROOM	• DJ TRUSTWORTHY/MACHINEFREAK/LEO/J-TOWN @ TAKE YOUR TIME • MODEL/ACTRIZ @ THE PEARL	• GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR @ VOGUE • KYLE GORDON @ BILTMORE
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
• GEORDIE GREEP @ THE PEARL • GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR @ VOGUE	• SPEED/WHISPERS @ THE PEARL • ALISON MOYET @ VOGUE • BROOKE ALEXX @ FOX CABARET	• MOMMA @ BILTMORE • MIKE @ THE PEARL • MOLLY LEWIS/MARY ANCHETA @ FOX CABARET	• HIPPO CAMPUS/HOTLINE TNT @ VOGUE • BARTEES STRANGE/TRÉ BURT @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	• MIYA FOLICK @ BILTMORE • PETER CAT RECORDING CO. @ VOGUE • THE WEATHER STATION @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	• DWAYNE GRETZKY @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	• BIG RIG/IRA HARDLY/D.L FORREST/RUNNER @ GREEN AUTO • SHARON VAN ETTEN @ VOGUE
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
		• JUNO BIRCH @ RIO THEATRE	• DREAMER ISIONA @ BILTMORE • SARA KAYS/LANDON CONRATH/ELI WILSON @ FOX CABARET	• NILS FRAHM @ CENTRE FOR PERFORM-ING ARTS	• PANDA BEAR @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	• JULIE KIM @ VOGUE • CHEEKFACE/PACING @ WISE HALL
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
				• MALLRAT @ BILTMORE	• RIVERBUG/HALELUYA HAILU/NOLAN FAE @ GREEN AUTO	

I would really like my very own pair of super goggles. This way I can escape to big place in the sky. I need to work so I can buy my very own pair of wonderglasses for \$5000 Canadian Dollars. I heard the digital trees get greener than the ones outside my window. And theres big lakes where the fish stay around forever. I think after that ill buy my very own special spytech wristwatch for only \$1099! that way I can play games on my wrist instead of having to reach all the way into my pocket. © Django Mavis

DISCORDER X RAWFILES 8.0

DON'T QUIT YOUR DAY JOB

Don't quit your day job. Advice so tainted in its malign nature that one could hardly call it advice anymore. Superficially a simple beckoning to keep doing what supports you — pays the bills, and keeps your hands busy on the conveyor of capitalism.

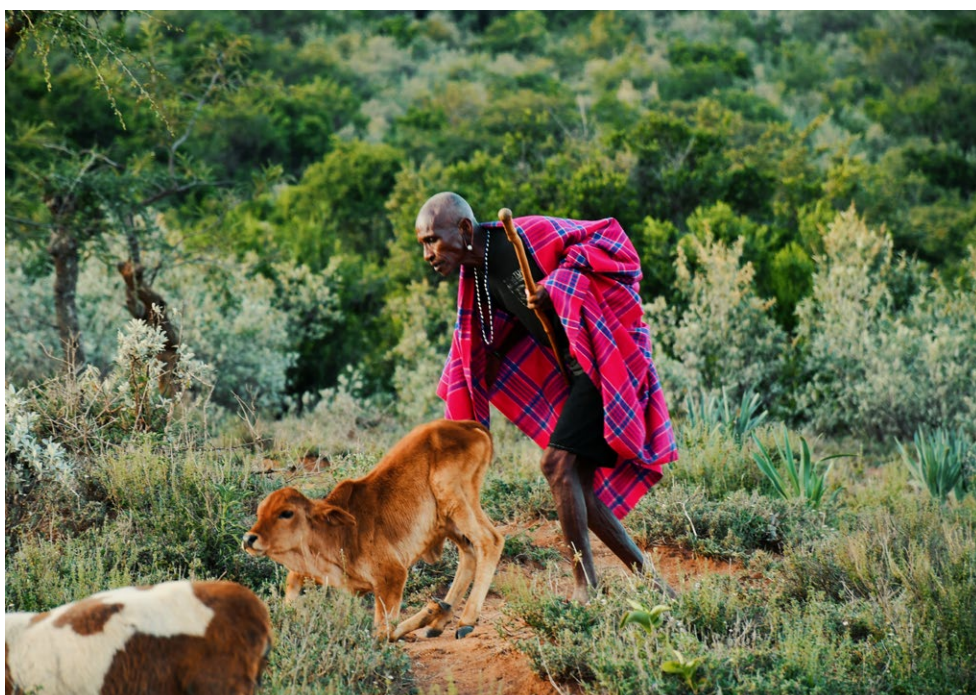
But we all know what it really means — it's a castigation of the adventurous and creative spirit. It's the voice in the back of your head that keeps telling you this ledge is too far from the water. How many dads, bullies, redditors have told us to "not quit our day jobs" because they frankly don't think that we will make it. Make it — what does that even mean?

For this edition, we ask photographers to explore their relationship to the day job — perhaps a plunge already taken into the depths of self-employed or unemployed uncertainty. Or maybe a hidden regret revisited in still imagery: The moment where you saw the fork in the road in front of you and you took the path of most resistance — the one covered by brambles, overgrown and undertravelled.

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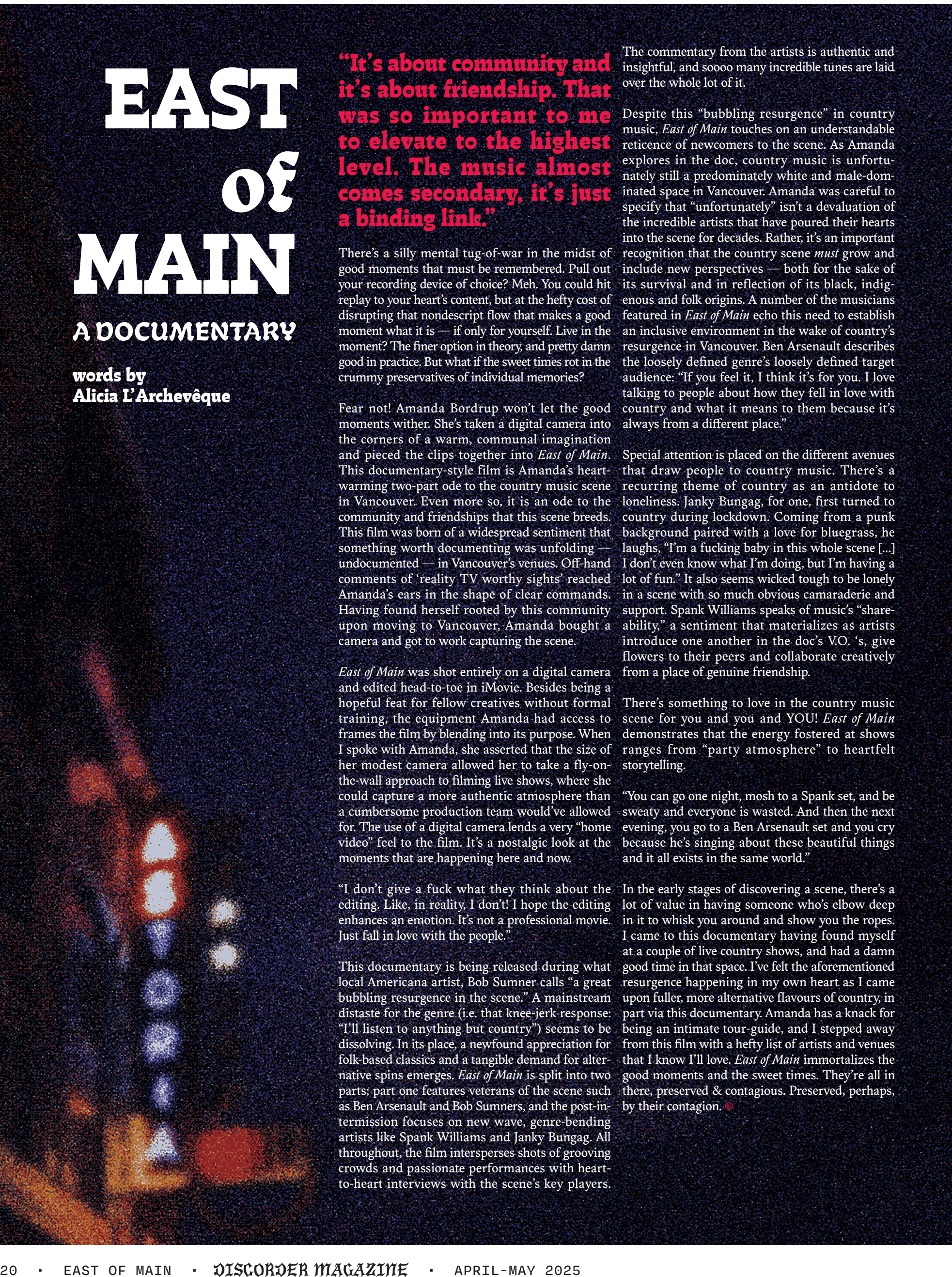


If one day you suddenly received a windfall, would you chase your passion or play it safe? We often imagine that our passion could become a stable source what supports our life, but there is always a gap between dreams and reality. Life has to move forward, and great wealth is not happen to everyone. It often needs luck to turn an uncertain passion into something you can live by - it's a gamble. © Sally H.



In the village of Olepishet, rural Kenya, a Maasai herder helps a baby cow stand, embodying the deep connection between the community and their livestock. For many Maasai, cattle are more than just a livelihood; they represent wealth, identity, and a way of life passed down through generations. But as the world changes, so too does the community. Increasingly, Maasai communities are exploring new paths, moving beyond traditional agriculture, hunting, and herding to embrace education, entrepreneurship, and modern professions.

"Don't quit your day job" is often heard as a reminder to hold on to stability, but for the Maasai, it's not just about choosing between the old and the new. It's about navigating the balance between heritage and opportunity, between what has been and what could be. The herder in this image hints at a larger story of change — the tension between the security of tradition and the risk of embracing something unknown. As more Maasai venture into new careers, they still carry the responsibility of their roots, blending both worlds in ways that redefine success. © Hellen Feng



EAST of MAIN

A DOCUMENTARY

words by
Alicia L'Archevêque

"It's about community and it's about friendship. That was so important to me to elevate to the highest level. The music almost comes secondary, it's just a binding link."

There's a silly mental tug-of-war in the midst of good moments that must be remembered. Pull out your recording device of choice? Meh. You could hit replay to your heart's content, but at the hefty cost of disrupting that nondescript flow that makes a good moment what it is — if only for yourself. Live in the moment? The finer option in theory, and pretty damn good in practice. But what if the sweet times rot in the crummy preservatives of individual memories?

Fear not! Amanda Bordrup won't let the good moments wither. She's taken a digital camera into the corners of a warm, communal imagination and pieced the clips together into *East of Main*. This documentary-style film is Amanda's heart-warming two-part ode to the country music scene in Vancouver. Even more so, it is an ode to the community and friendships that this scene breeds. This film was born of a widespread sentiment that something worth documenting was unfolding — undocumented — in Vancouver's venues. Off-hand comments of 'reality TV worthy sights' reached Amanda's ears in the shape of clear commands. Having found herself rooted by this community upon moving to Vancouver, Amanda bought a camera and got to work capturing the scene.

East of Main was shot entirely on a digital camera and edited head-to-toe in iMovie. Besides being a hopeful feat for fellow creatives without formal training, the equipment Amanda had access to frames the film by blending into its purpose. When I spoke with Amanda, she asserted that the size of her modest camera allowed her to take a fly-on-the-wall approach to filming live shows, where she could capture a more authentic atmosphere than a cumbersome production team would've allowed for. The use of a digital camera lends a very "home video" feel to the film. It's a nostalgic look at the moments that are happening here and now.

"I don't give a fuck what they think about the editing. Like, in reality, I don't! I hope the editing enhances an emotion. It's not a professional movie. Just fall in love with the people."

This documentary is being released during what local Americana artist, Bob Sumner calls "a great bubbling resurgence in the scene." A mainstream distaste for the genre (i.e. that knee-jerk response: "I'll listen to anything but country") seems to be dissolving. In its place, a newfound appreciation for folk-based classics and a tangible demand for alternative spins emerges. *East of Main* is split into two parts; part one features veterans of the scene such as Ben Arsenault and Bob Sumners, and the post-intermission focuses on new wave, genre-bending artists like Spank Williams and Janky Bungag. All throughout, the film intersperses shots of grooving crowds and passionate performances with heart-to-heart interviews with the scene's key players.

The commentary from the artists is authentic and insightful, and soooo many incredible tunes are laid over the whole lot of it.

Despite this "bubbling resurgence" in country music, *East of Main* touches on an understandable reticence of newcomers to the scene. As Amanda explores in the doc, country music is unfortunately still a predominately white and male-dominated space in Vancouver. Amanda was careful to specify that "unfortunately" isn't a devaluation of the incredible artists that have poured their hearts into the scene for decades. Rather, it's an important recognition that the country scene *must* grow and include new perspectives — both for the sake of its survival and in reflection of its black, indigenous and folk origins. A number of the musicians featured in *East of Main* echo this need to establish an inclusive environment in the wake of country's resurgence in Vancouver. Ben Arsenault describes the loosely defined genre's loosely defined target audience: "If you feel it, I think it's for you. I love talking to people about how they fell in love with country and what it means to them because it's always from a different place."

Special attention is placed on the different avenues that draw people to country music. There's a recurring theme of country as an antidote to loneliness. Janky Bungag, for one, first turned to country during lockdown. Coming from a punk background paired with a love for bluegrass, he laughs, "I'm a fucking baby in this whole scene [...] I don't even know what I'm doing, but I'm having a lot of fun." It also seems wicked tough to be lonely in a scene with so much obvious camaraderie and support. Spank Williams speaks of music's "shareability," a sentiment that materializes as artists introduce one another in the doc's V.O. 's, give flowers to their peers and collaborate creatively from a place of genuine friendship.

There's something to love in the country music scene for you and you and YOU! *East of Main* demonstrates that the energy fostered at shows ranges from "party atmosphere" to heartfelt storytelling.

"You can go one night, mosh to a Spank set, and be sweaty and everyone is wasted. And then the next evening, you go to a Ben Arsenault set and you cry because he's singing about these beautiful things and it all exists in the same world."

In the early stages of discovering a scene, there's a lot of value in having someone who's elbow deep in it to whisk you around and show you the ropes. I came to this documentary having found myself at a couple of live country shows, and had a damn good time in that space. I've felt the aforementioned resurgence happening in my own heart as I came upon fuller, more alternative flavours of country, in part via this documentary. Amanda has a knack for being an intimate tour-guide, and I stepped away from this film with a hefty list of artists and venues that I know I'll love. *East of Main* immortalizes the good moments and the sweet times. They're all in there, preserved & contagious. Preserved, perhaps, by their contagion. ☺

The exhibition guide for Libby Leshgold Gallery's Indiscernible thresholds, escaped veillances is presented in a sealed, letter-sized envelope, with a clear cellophane window that paradoxically reveals nothing. Accessing its contents — the artist bios for Danielle Braithwaite-Shirley, Lucas LaRochelle, Joshua Schwebel, Chelsea Thompto, Lan "Florence" Yee, along with curator Dallas Fellini's catalogue essay — requires one to open the envelope. No matter how carefully done, the act of opening, of demanding visibility, has irreversible consequences.

2014 was named the "Trans Tipping Point" by *Time Magazine*, marking a time of unprecedented visibility of trans and gender-nonconforming bodies in public discourse. Only 2 years later, in 2016, the United States counted the highest ever number of trans women of color being murdered. Violence against trans people was a natural consequence of this new hypervisibility, argued queer scholar Eric A. Stanley, it was part of "the double-bind of recognition," wherein "being seen by the other brings you into the world, but more often than not it is also that which might bring you out of it." It is here that we may see the strategic appeal of "opacity" over the liberal mode of visibility. First articulated by Martinican philosopher Edouard Glissant, the right to opacity is the right to reject extractive demands for visibility. It directly responds to the white, Western, cishetero-patriarchal need for transparency, advocating instead for acceptance and solidarity without the need for total understanding.

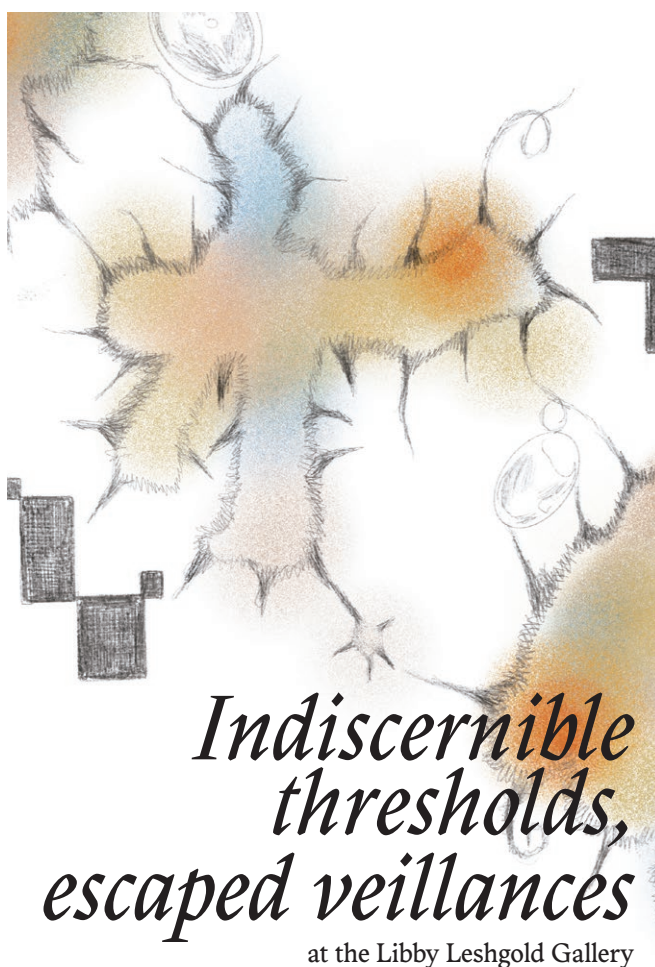
Indiscernible thresholds, escaped veillances began as Fellini's Curatorial Studies Master's thesis at U of T, where it was first displayed, and where he faced an almost tautological challenge: how do you propose and explain a show that is, by design, unexplainable, illegible, and opaque? How do you foreground the work of your fellow trans artists without feeding them into the extractive demands of The Institution? This tension between the unintelligibility of transness and the institutional need for legibility suffuses the featured artists' work with an uneasy liminality. These questions continued to trouble the conversations we had at the pre-opening *Trans Opacity Classroom*, a day-long event for intra-community discussion amongst other trans and nonbinary people. I discuss it, sparingly and always in conjunction with the art, in the rest of this write-up.

For Lucas LaRochelle, the tension manifests as an embrace of chaos and dissociation. *Sometimes I forget what feeling felt like because I was never there when it happened* (2024) is an AI-generated video produced by a large-language model trained on data from Google Maps street view, as well as text from LaRochelle's community-sourced map-annotation platform *Queering the Map*. *Queering the Map* is a subject that could itself encompass whole books — operating on anonymous submissions and confessionals, it requires no stable identities, perhaps indicating an emerging mode of queer-specific online engagement. LaRochelle themselves are irreverent, frank, and unsentimental. During their artist roundtable talk: "Who gives a fuck if being nonbinary is valid?" Critiquing the platitudes that mainstream media tends to impose on QTM, they instead foreground its dissociative potential: by loosening our attachments to fixed meaning and stable signifiers, we can strategically employ invisibility and anonymity towards the ends of self-protection.

The nuts and bolts of opacity is explored by Chelsea Thompto in her works *Productive Bodies* (2019) and *Fog Lights* (2023), two video-based works that utilize procedural generation in order to create a nonlinear, unbounded archive. *Productive Bodies* juxtaposes the industrialization of the Mississippi River over representations of facial feminization surgery (FFS) and vaginoplasty. Surgically tweaked hairlines and chins, overlaid by the sinuous curves of one of the most powerful bodies of water on Turtle Island—the way

that both these unruly bodies are controlled are one and the same. *Fog Lights* investigates opacity more explicitly by interrogating fog as obfuscation and obstacle, and most pertinently as a tool by which trans bodies may resist the exact form of control typified in Thompto's other displayed work.

At the *Trans Opacity Classroom*, something that kept coming up was the strangeness of living in a time when a complete stranger might clock you as trans before you even had the chance to decide how to present on your own terms. The difference between being trans-identifying versus being identified as trans, I guess. Another cost of visibility: agency. Joshua Schwebel's performance art series *Hiding* confronts this tension directly. From 2007 to 2010, Schwebel posted an ad in the classified section containing a place, time, and area at which he would hide and wait for somebody to find him. On display at Libby are the ephemera of this series — a mail slot and scattered envelopes containing the locations



Indiscernible thresholds, escaped veillances

at the Libby Leshgold Gallery

words by Oceania Chee
illustrations by Ysabel Gana

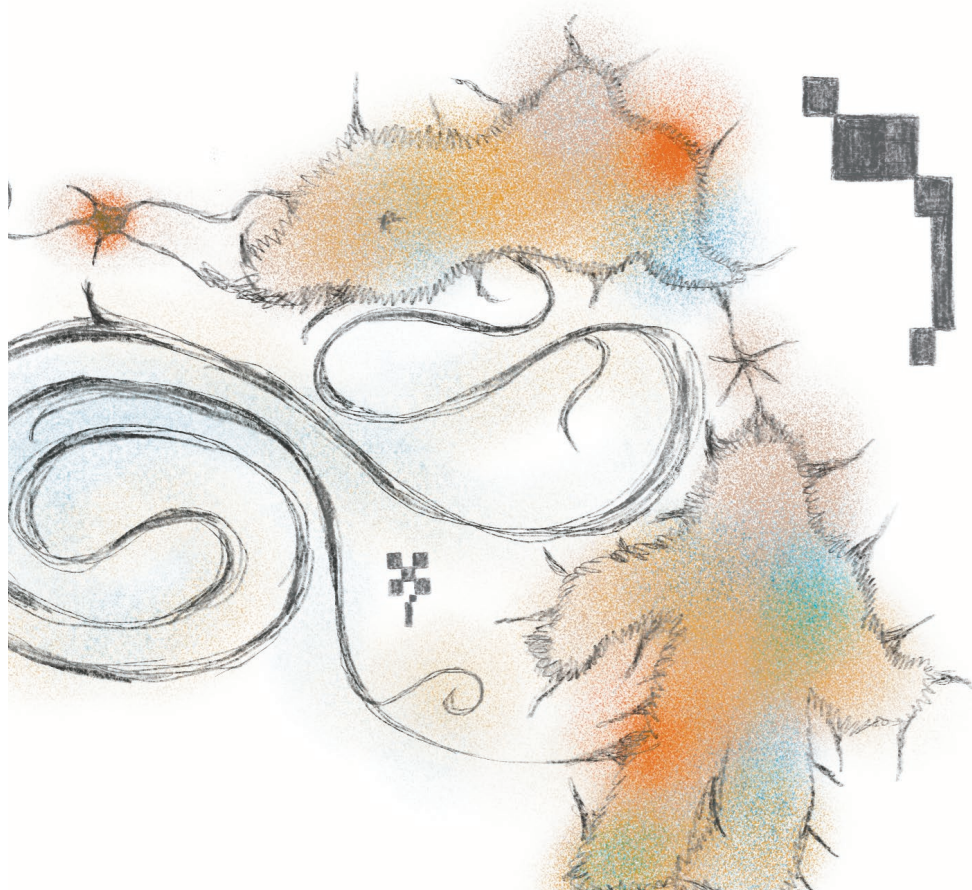
Schwebel hid at, (something else I can't remember), and a FOI request for when Schwebel had the police called on him. What does it mean, for example, to be seen as a man, as opposed to being seen as a trans man? What does it mean to hide for the purposes of being found? And what does it mean for your body, even while hidden from view, to be subject to criminalization?

In a world where legibility amounts to commodification, unintelligibility has revolutionary potential. "There is pride in a non-defined body. There is power in a non-defined body," whisper the distorted creatures in Danielle Braithwaite-Shirley's video game *WE ARE HERE BECAUSE OF THOSE THAT ARE NOT*.

A.K.A. Blacktransarchive.com (available to play for free on any working computer!!), Brathwaite-Shirley's interactive experience calls on the player/public to help unearth Black trans ancestors that have been "buried underneath the earth," tragically known only to the archives by their deadnames. Each of the characters that you meet was designed by a Black trans person, their alien voices speaking through time and space to you, sitting in a gamer chair in front of a projection on a wall. The interactivity of Blacktransarchive.com troubles the notion that we are merely the passive beneficiaries of historical violence. Often, it outright asks the player/viewer to consider who they have buried in order to be here today.

In that room of other trans and nonbinary people, I had my own fleeting experience of opacity. Sometime during the classroom, I watched a (white) friend of mine absentmindedly doodle one of the artworks on display—one of the hand-embroidered cotton prints of Lan "Florence" Yee's 2024 series *Lucky*. They were copying down the Chinese character 吉, embroidered onto a fabric print of a pomelo net. And they were writing it down wrong, because we were looking at the "wrong" side of the embroidery, but the reason I could tell and they couldn't was because I had spent my childhood learning to read and write Mandarin and Cantonese, and they hadn't. We were having two completely separate experiences of the same art piece—where I saw a pictograph with linguistic meaning and felt some tenuous kinship with the familiarities of Yee's traditional Cantonese upbringing, they saw an otherwise-illegible symbol imbued with metaphor. Vanessa "VK" Kwan, Libby's curator, spoke in our post-tour discussion about "the pleasure of confusion", of knowing there are whole existences that will remain totally opaque to us and rejoicing in all the hidden closed worlds that teem through life. It's an epistemic of humility and solidarity, asking us to ditch what Glissant called "the old obsession with discovering what lies at the bottom of natures."

Is it within us to take pleasure in the idea that there might be worlds out there just out of our reach? That the multiplicity of voices that makes up this giant contact zone that we call "the present" is even deeper and more textured than we might have been able to imagine on our own? Glissant said that opacity is "the thing that would bring [a community] together forever and make us permanently distinctive." *Indiscernible thresholds, escaped veillances* asks its viewers to imagine liberation and freedom beyond the limits of the now. In a playthrough of Blacktransarchive.com, I was left with one final question that still rings through my head, and that I leave with you now: "My body needs no definitions. Does yours?" ©

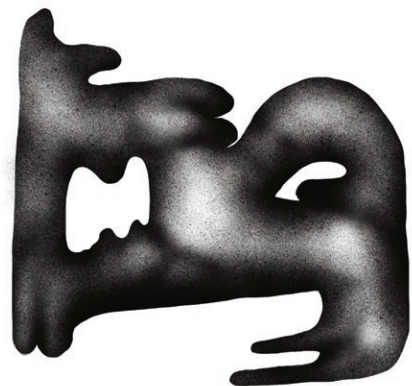


LETTUCE LETTUCE PLEASE GO BAD

WORDS BY SOFIA WIND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANNAH MARTIN

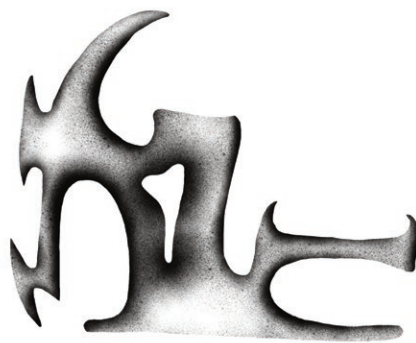
Tiziana La Melia's collection of poems, titled *lettuce lettuce please go bad*, is a beautiful, intimate, and deeply witty exploration of La Melia's thoughts on love, family, nature, and more over the past few years.



various regions, ranging from an experience with an employer that did not always feel as positive as it appeared, a want to disregard all social media and technology due to feeling lost and isolated, or her desire to flee the city for a farm, as that was the environment she was raised in and so eager to leave as a child. When discussing her growth or questioning of past experiences she utilizes metaphors of transformation — one that especially stood out to me was that of a bat/vampire who easily moves between each form, and she shares stories on the



The unique and artful approach to this novel, specifically with the various formats and incorporation of drawings and images, seems like such an obvious decision when considering La Melia's talents. She is a poet, writer, and artist in many different mediums — including painting, drawing, and collages. The collection feels like a platform to express not only her own talents in formats, but to highlight illustrations by other artists, such as Tegan Moore, Franca La Melia, Yuri Akuney, and NK Photo. This mixed medium format is used to reflect and further the theme of reprocessing, or new perspective on existing ideas, in how her poems are represented in untraditional shapes or layouts and how ideas bled through different works.



beauty in transformation; for instance taking carrots out of the trash and using them to make soup. It is clear that La Melia went through various transitions during the writing of this collection as poems are dated back as early as September 2018. The wide range of time these poems sat with her showcases the way our relationship to different themes changes throughout our life, as our experiences shape our understanding and interaction with the world around us. As well, this highlights how intimate this collection feels, as La Melia gives insight into her shifting perspective over time, rather than trying to appear with a perfect and set narrative. Many of her poems seem as if they could have been pulled out of her personal journal and many instances can come to take personal meaning to the reader depending on their interpretation, yet it remains so mystified what they truly represent for La Melia.

This collection emphasizes how true transformation must be felt in all areas of one's life and past, as well as how often we transform through reflection on past experiences. La Melia transverses these

The self-referential moment of this collection comes almost exactly halfway through, in a poem titled "trash lettuce" that outlines a romantic connection. In this poem the narrator addresses their unnamed lover saying, "there are so many people in this poem / but it doesn't make you composite / it says time is something romaine / not like the other lettuce / that never / goes bad." The narrator is expressing the beauty in the fact that their connection, like romaine lettuce, never remains the same, rather their relationship is constantly shifting and transforming, and what a gift that is. While "trash lettuce" is a key point in this collection, it is far from the only mention of lettuce. La Melia uses lettuce as a string, drawing together engaging elements throughout. The theme of lettuce, and different leafy greens highlights how individuals adapt differently to transformation and various environments, say in how some forms do well in heat while others shrivel. The appearance of lettuce over and over again also seems to represent some element of La Melia's life that she cannot escape, and we see her relationship to this shift in the various trash lettuce poems, each written on a new moon. This lettuce or arugula or bitter greens always return, even, as she notes in her poem "Caesar," when she did not buy them. However, they never appear in the same way, demonstrating how no consistent element of our life is static. Furthermore, this highlights a common tool in Le Melia's work in the prevalence of themes or ideas built upon previous ones at different points in this collection, such as the mention of mice or use of graphic hearts near a poem's title to convey a certain tone. This returning to previous motifs lets the reader gain a deeper insight into these poems and feel as if they are following a common narrator through these different emotions, rather than each poem standing alone.

The knowledge of how intentional La Melia is with each written or drawn on aspect, therefore highlights how intentional she has been with this novel's empty space. La Melia uses the whitespace to emphasize what is being stated, what is left unsaid, and the format used to convey those points. A key example of this is in her poem "lace embrace," which uses the example of a corset to signify how our energy is molded



and shifted, yet this energy can never be gone, it must emerge somehow. This poem is written in a zig-zag manner having words appear from one side of the page to the other, thus leaving a lot of empty space in the middle, much like the image of a corset trying to make a waist appear as small and invisible as possible while everything else sticks out above or below. Yet as the poem goes on, this image becomes less clear and the words start shifting around more, leaving less empty space in the center, representing how we cannot expect everything to exist in such structure forever, but when we escape the confines of this embrace the mess of it all is still waiting for us.

It seems a disservice to this novel to try and capture all of what makes it so beautiful, so I will admit here I could not even get close. Each poem La Melia writes is done with such care and meaning that one could talk for hours about each word, structure, and design choice. While that may be a bit extreme, I do greatly encourage each reader to take their time with these poems, read them over and over, ideally while eating lettuce under a new moon. ©



What exactly qualifies as necessary, and unnecessary work? What kinds of labour do you engage in, so as to metaphorically, and quite literally, get by?

The third edition of *Le Chauffage*, a cross-continental publication jointly based in Vancouver and Brussels, thoughtfully glues together a host of reflections on the relationship between the creative practices of artists and their day jobs. The publication is the brainchild of a friendship between its two editors, Emile Rubino and Felix Rapp, who first met at Emily Carr. Having since established themselves in different cities—Emile in Brussels and Felix in Vancouver—the mag is (among other things) an extension of their friendship, rooted in their respective art obsessions.

The genesis of Issue 3's perennial theme? Conversations between the pair, held across a 9 hour time difference. Speaking on the phone everyday during Felix's commute, they catch up, talk art, talk work. The production of Issue 3 itself mirrored its theme; Felix describes the mag's compilation to have occurred within both the bounds of 'work time'—fitting in email correspondences with contributors over lunch breaks—and of 'leisure time'—editing for days while on holiday. This one, the third edition, is Felix's favourite.

"The day job," Felix tells me, "Does it get in the way, or is it something of meaning, does it provide opportunity?" The third edition is a reckoning with what Nathan Crompton identifies as "the problem of the workday," in an article called "On the Day Job." The problem in question; the fact that one's job provides the material resources required for survival and leisure, and paradoxically, it requests in return the siphoning of one's time and energy to its singular benefit. It is a dance, well-known to members of the Vancouver art world, as the status of full-time artist is a rarity, according to Felix.

The mag, two hundred-something pages in total, opens with Nick Compton's thoughtful essay, "On the Day Job," which acts as a theoretical compass for the entire publication. Crompton provides a dusting of theory, the kind just serious enough that, if you had picked up the mag smiling, your smile may sink into a more contemplative look. Taking stock of the (bleak) socioeconomic state of affairs, so to speak. That smile is almost certain to come right back, however, as one flips the page to Marisa Kriangwiwat Holme's playful photography series of overbred show dogs, edited beyond necessity.

What, exactly, is in this edition of *Le Chauffage*? A variety of artistic mediums; a variety of day jobs. I have opted to organize its pieces as belonging to three possible

manifestations of this art-work interaction. For one, art can be a means to de-alienate labour; "Assertive Hospitality" by name, provides a profile of a Walmart greeter's fresco made within company walls. Two: labour can be the subject matter of one's art; in "Benefits of Enforced Silence" Margaux Schwarz reflects on how her labour as a sex worker informs her work as a performance artist. Three: art can take the form of aesthetic resistance, notably in its stealing of time and resources on the job. The distinction between one's work and one's art can be at times blurry—I spent about five minutes staring at a particular page, rotating the PDF on my laptop back and forth, only to realize that I was looking at an advertisement.

In sum, *Le Chauffage* is a total which interacts with itself—different pieces

respond to one another, challenge one another, circle back. According to its editors, the mag ought not be considered an art piece in itself. Rather, Felix describes it as a means to "create space for interaction [...] to invite people into a certain framework and allow them to experiment." It is a platform that places the works of friends and admired artists in conversation. Felix cheekily described it as their art nerd fantasy football. Resisting a singular narrative, the mag opts instead for a multiplicity of views; Felix holds that *Le Chauffage* does not provide any definitive stance on the moral dimension of art and labour's relationship.

Oespite the foray of angles *Le Chauffage* provides within its collection, is in my opinion, by no means apolitical. For one, many pieces comment on the influence that such an enmeshed labour-art relationship has on our collective understandings of 'the artist.' A sense of illegitimacy, of questioned status as artist capital A, permeates Tiziana La Melia's poetry, as they muse whether art is more than hobby if it does not pay the bills. Similar sentiments are echoed in Ragen Moss's Pros and Cons. Pros of working two jobs? It can provide new sources of inspiration to your artistic practice. Cons: you fail to emulate the artistic lifestyle, in all its elusive activities and adornments. And this ideal of the non-labouring artist—as a Gramscian traditional intellectual, separate from working labour—extends beyond personal identity issues, for it is political. In the collective's written contribution outlining histories of certain grass-roots art collectives, Werker argues for the importance of "demystifying" the artist, in the

sense that recognition of artists as labourers is paramount to our collective ability to promote positive social change. Nevermind if this separation between art, work, and self is possible; why is it often viewed as personally desirable? Is that not a bit patrician?

Indeed, *Le Chauffage* puts forward, softly yet consistently, the tenet that art is everyone's business, and by extension that everyone ought to not only have access to art, but the means to engage in its making. When prompted on the mag's message, Felix begins to repetitively stack his fists together, in a 'making' motion—"DIY it. We should be creating things together, whether that means running shows out of suitcases, making zines, helping each other print t-shirts [...]" Art, as he suggests, is about action. At the very least, it wields legitimizing power. Art provides representation of otherwise ignored communities—think, for example, of the photography work of Chaucy Hare, an ex-engineer whose contributions to the mag document the experiences of his working-class colleagues, as a means to protest against their growing exploitation, or Pippa Garner's photographic series of coffee shop waitresses, which, upon its initial completion in the '70s, could not find any interested publisher. Art provides voice. *Le Chauffage* does not merely put these voices in conversation, it amplifies them.

But back to that damn day-job. There may be no need to desire a divorce of art from work—they are simply different forms of labour, and to view art as solely within the realm of (increasingly elusive) leisure is not only mistaken but also an impediment to art's social functions. Even so, as Jacquelyn Zong-Li Ross asks in her reflective piece concerning motherhood, care work, and artistic practice; where does one find the energy, and the time, for all these multitudes of labour? Felix cringes at himself when he responds to my echoing of this question, but he nevertheless repeats his answer with resolve—"Love," he says. "Love and spirit. Excitement. If it is not pleasurable, it is probably not worth doing." The practice itself is simultaneously taxing and regenerative. Arguably, necessary work.

The day I spoke with Felix, he provided me with a physical copy. He displayed incredulous surprise at the fact that I had read the entirety of *Le Chauffage*, especially as something which took him over a year to produce. I was surprised by his surprise; it is a thing of great value to me. I guess such value is besides the point. On the bus, after another unserious yet tedious and laborious student day, I run into a couple of my closest friends and passed the magazine around. I tell them Emile and Felix are best friends with no publisher. I am so, so, so happy to have a glossy copy to pass amongst the grubby hands of my own friends. I recommend you grab a copy from READ books, at Emily Carr, to share with others as well. ©



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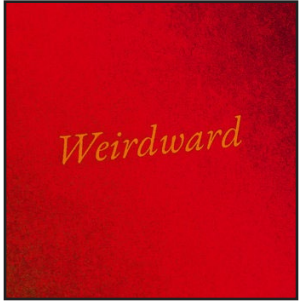
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ander Review



Andrew Mbaruk
Weirdward

(SELF RELEASED) 20/10/2024

Carried through the haze of my weed-choked Sunday by rapper/poet Andrew Mbaruk's *Weirdward*, I'm now sitting here trying to explain this experience to you.

Start with the basics. Self released in October 2024, *Weirdward*, a collaboration with WET-JET SEYMOUR, drags its listeners into an oscillating place between '90s rap, spoken word poetry, and direct socio-political analysis. Mbaruk, "a Black post-Canadian poet dwelling on X^wməθk^wəy̓əm, Səlilwətaʔt, and Skwxwú7mesh territories," emerges through the album as a blunt and irreverent, yet conscious voice. *Weirdward* is an apt title for the album - this shit is indeed weird. (Thank (god?).)

Following the lyrical traditions of artists like MF DOOM and Outkast, the way Mbaruk wield's language is one of his greatest strengths. A poet first, and a rapper by delivery, Mbaruk's stream-of-consciousness style lyricism captures you from the start with weird verses that leave a tingle in your head:

"His Black thought invisible as the drag
Of your cigarette / The bubbling pleasure to your sweet tooth
in what the West would call a 'leisure suit,'
a style casually deleting you."
("Hypnotism Hopnotism")

Speaking of delivery, Mbaruk's vocal delivery is another definitive aspect of his artistry. This is not an album you're likely to dance to (though, please try, I'd love to see it.) Instead, this album feels like sharing a blunt; like talking with a hubristic philosopher of our current moment. Monotonous, lurching, and filled with absurdist divulsions of our socio-political context. The album weaves themes of class struggle, racial justice, social inequity, religion, ambition, politics, anti-colonialism - though all with a certain degree of cynicism. At times the post-ironic cynicism of his delivery does leave me unsure about where he stands on the things he's saying. Sincere or not, *Weirdward* speaks directly to the absurdity, despair and unreality of our technocratic, christo-fascist moment.

Mbaruk's subtle, looping beats, in combination with this droning vocality, place you into a trance (especially if you're using the same acoustic enhancing substance as I am.) And in this trance like state, Mbaruk will cut right through you;

"A toast to death that ancient human itch /
Our poetic fate, the huge abyss /
So the red wave grew rich,
Approaching representation as the Cubist /
Though he might be too French..."
(*"Parts of the Revolution Might be Reflected on Some Television Screens"*)

In the midst of this all, *Weirdward* also works to link Mbaruk to a lofty literary lineage; Referencing Shakespeare, Kerouac, Whitman, Dante, and decrying the success of mainstream rappers like Drake, A\$AP Rocky and Kendrick. Is this part of the album's overall irreverence and post-ironic cynicism? Sure, maybe. Is Mbaruk really claiming a place as a lyrical and literary master? Probably. And why not? He wields language with finesse, and he has a rich depth of artistic, political, literary and philosophical knowledge from which to draw into his work - including frequent

references to ancient Greek myth. It's really not for me to tell whether Andrew Mbaruk will be the great voice he positions himself as.

As a final return to the subtlety of the beats on *Weirdward*, it feels important to say that this worked in favour of the album. The simple, looped, often R&B and soul inspired beats create a tonal palette for Mbaruk's lyrics to thrive within. While a more complex instrumental element to the album wouldn't go unappreciated, *Weirdward's* carefully chosen beats and samples nonetheless carry the album forward in an effective way.

At the core of it, Mbaruk's music has a distinct presence in a sometimes homogenous musical landscape. *Weirdward* is simultaneously richly simple in sound, and complex in concept. If you listen right, it will take you *Weirdward* – if you let it... In a way, you could have saved yourself five minutes of reading if you just listened to the album. I really mean that. Mbaruk even analyzes his own lyrical style in his album ("moronic/ awkwardly post-modern/ surreal juxtapositions and word play" from "God's Revenge"). So, thank you for wasting your time reading this, and please go to Bandcamp and listen to the album instead. –*Oisín Gunning*



Black Mana
WE'RE SO BACK

(SELF-RELEASED) 10/1/2025



Black Mana's WE'RE SO BACK is rich with what I can only describe as the joy of putzing around - a joy shared among friends huddled around a laptop and tinkering with some new plugin, or digging the biggest and least-stable trench they can at a beach. Low-stakes experimenting for the love of the game, quality time that just so happens to produce an end result, and, as a consequence, any reviewer has to admit that critiquing this album flies completely in the face of the point of this album. There's no more reason to subject this to a formal deconstruction than there is reason to run a rhetorical analysis on an hour's chat over coffee, or to scrutinize a Friday night Monopoly game through a Marxist lens - it is, by design, simply not that serious.

It'd be dishonest not to run this through the same analysis I'd run any other album through, but know that no review can, or should, ever make an effort to suck the fun out of this project - to take this album too seriously is to not take it at its own word. Noted? Good.

This is, first and foremost an album of moments - choruses, solos, or musical ideas that, at least as a listener, feel like the soul and seedbed of an entire given song. The opening track, "We're So Back" is a great example of this - it's a magical opener, a triumphant, big-band instrumental underlying an equally-triumphant monologue, heralding their return like the coming of some generational superstars. While the rest of the song isn't devoid of ideas - in fact, the second half hosts a guitar solo that's as phenomenal as it is unexpected - one is likely to come away from it chiefly remembering that intro. This is a chronic, but not detrimental, quality of this entire album, as either the beat or the vocals will go out of their way to throw you a curveball and keep you from knowing their next move. If absurdity were currency, *WE'RE SO BACK* would be nothing short of a Rockefeller.

To belabour this point would be to sully its fun, but Black Mana's penguine taps into an effortless silliness that clings so absolutely to the bit it's infectious, dragging you into the same trippy, technicolor pit that it first crawled out of. "Fusion" is an absolute paragon of this approach to songwriting – a song committed wholly and fully to weird food combinations and a vehement defense of them. It's an instant Saturday-morning classic, the sort of thing you'd hear in an Adult Swim parody of a show from your childhood that you'd forgotten all about, and it's an absolute joy from start to finish. Keeping with the food theme, "Commercial Drive" is an exercise in what can only be described as "lyrical doodling" – an ode to the very-real Commercial Drive by way of mini tangents, like winding forest paths in any random direction – it's quaint, strange, and an unpredictable pleasure. Of course, neither of these songs can hold a candle to the real king of outlandish lyrics, "Every Second Sunday", but that song both defies euphemistic explanation, and probably cannot be described in any detail without barring this review from publication. I advise all readers to give this one in particular a listen, and advise the parents of said readers to pretend I never brought it up at all.

And although there's no denying that Black Mana's lyricism is the face and frontman for this album's entire persona, Fryman's production is the best foundation a vocalist could ask for – by any metric his work here is nothing shy of excellent. One minute a song like "We're So Back" dabbles in the sort of sample-heavy a la jev., only for songs like "Commercial Drive" or "Don't Know" to flip the script entirely and put on their best hole-in-the-wall jazz club impression, and for yet other songs like "Every Second Sunday" and "Fusion" to slide so effortlessly into funk you'd hardly notice the switch. Keeping this album to a seven-song max only helps that look of versatility – it bursts in, shows you every trick it has, and packs its things before it overstays its welcome. There are world-renowned, multi-platinum artists who never developed this quality, so all praise to Black Mana for understanding what they can't.

Altogether, this is a wonderful offering from Black Mana; a project which cares very little for perfection, which knows the value of creating for creation's sake, and which puts itself out there in hopes of finding like-minded tinkerers. It's an oddity, to be sure, but exactly the affront to normalcy one can't help but love. Keep it up, Black Mana – we see your vision, and we love it!—*Gabriel Bell*



Good Luck Have Fun demos

(SELF-RELEASED) 01/25

FFO: acoustic, folky emo, rain, *The Giving Tree*, late autumn, visiting home.

Fuzzy roads tessellated past the storefronts of carpet towns. Sitting on them, criss-cross-apple-sauce, and ignoring the bump in the back of your throat. Nostalgia has always been a fickle thing.

A little bit of time ago, there was a buzz online surrounding *The Giving Tree*. As a fan of Shel Silverstein's work since my own childhood, I was glad to see his stuff getting more of the thoughtful attention that it deserves. *demos* by Good Luck Have Fun perfectly complements *The Giving Tree*, as a prelude from the perspective of the tree.

"breaking off the ice" feels like a cycling – the fingerpicked melody surging and ebbing like seasons – or gentle waves from under cracking ice. A false sense of security, or an impending source of dread? Meanwhile, boredom is felt on chilly afternoons, as the sun sets too soon after you wake. Somehow, the Giving Tree stayed optimistic through all her waiting. No matter how many times the boy rejected her offers for him to play in her branches, she was always happy to see him again.

"bitter seed" tells the story of how the Giving Tree came to be. Good Luck Have Fun, moniker of Ethan Reyes, sings; "One day you

could come and swing an axe at me / Take me with you when you leave / Turn me into something pretty." This is all the Giving Tree seems to desire as well – to become something useful for the boy. We are told that it makes her happy. But there is much more happiness to be felt than one may suspect. It lies just outside the comfort zone, and reaching it does require a vessel of some sort. It is easy to believe this is what the boy in the book was chasing when he asked the tree for her trunk, with which to build his boat to get away.

"it'll take you when it goes" is what the tree must have asked the boy; "did you find what you were looking for or did it disappear?". We are never told that the boy is actually fulfilled. The reader is simply to assume that his needs are met by her gifts.

"folding grass" is an interlude – the sound of spring after a long winter. The critters are coming out and the ephemerals are coming up. Bloodroot is my favourite, with its rhizomes that are not afraid to bleed. Consumed, they cause dizziness, vertigo, nausea, vomiting – side effects of ingesting hibernating dreams. An accompaniment to the terror of changing seasons. While knowing that you'd evaporate, float past air masses and mesh into clouds, if you stayed much longer.

In "you wouldn't do that would you", Ethan Reyes illustrates a different perspective – a banal hopelessness; "Stare out the window it's a long way down / You wouldn't do that would you / After all you have people you can visit, and that stupid job keeps you from thinking." The reader is not privy to the boy's actions away from the tree. We only see the largest beats – an entire life distilled down to a few bittersweet reunions. One is left wondering where he sailed off to, and why he returned once more in the end. No matter, it is reasonable to suspect that the boy must have found the sentiments of this track relatable at some point in his journey.

We all have strange journeys. Recall them – mark out the halocline between dreams and memory. Or, hear them fade in and out of each other like harmonies in low-fidelity.

The sky was red when I woke up under the water tower. That's when my dream began. Despite everything, my heart lies in the Midwest, between cornstalks and under cumulus clouds. It is buried between the old roots of an oak tree – the one that taught me how to lie. There was a girl, too. But she left before I could remember her. I don't like lying. And I've never been very good at it either. But artifice and convenience are the gods we pray to at concrete-island-altars – the ones that point down quiet cul-de-sacs to our post-modern palaces. And when I awoke, all I could recall was the feeling of cold carpet and the smell of cigarette smoke.

Nostalgia for longer summers and simpler thoughts. The patience to play in trees and make-believe. Over time, cracks in asphalt are filled in like map projections of the roots burrowing underneath – a microcosm of the freeze-thaw that weathers landscapes, and our minds as well. Now that you're older, come down from those branches and see for yourself what are lies and what is true. Be considerate – we still have the time. So don't let this melancholy get to you :)—*Karen Zhou*



Fionn I Might Start Smoking

(604) 06/09/23

Vancouver is often conceived of as a city that doesn't know what it is. The hidden (or missing) (or killed) scenes and venues, the high rent, the vast stretches of suburban nothingness, and the displacement of its inhabitants create this unsettled, uncertain feeling of your place in the city. This might evoke questions like, "why am I here?" or, "why am I doing this?" and "is this as good as it gets?" But who can blame you? It's hard to commit to something – or someone – that you don't feel loves you back.

In *I Might Start Smoking*, the album's avatar emerges from

the cocoon of their early twenties with a "new style," - a disaffected, arms-length character that keeps referring to their old vulnerable, over-loving self to contextualize just how cool and unbothered they are now.

Maybe it's a matter of how much you relate to this perspective, but it feels at times like we're ping-ponging between therapy and gossip, the effectiveness of which varies. This album, addressed to an amorphous past lover, sometimes effectively delivers its argument in favour of honest vulnerability and sometimes comes off as dissociative posturing.

By the time we reach "18," Fionn returns to that youthful, desperate vulnerability, saying "I'm 20-something and I love you just like a kid." But in "Smoking," they start off "Scared of commitment," and become someone unrecognizable so they "don't have to walk the aisle." This self-possessed detachment will, naturally, erode as quickly as it's presented, but sets the tone off strong. There are moments where this character is presented with clear-eyed self-consciousness, others where Fionn's guardedness comes off as a pastiche of the indie-rock dissociation that relies on moments of real vulnerability to effectively make its point.

"Goldfish," which might do very well as the intro score to a West Point Grey Academy-set coming-of-age movie, channels a significant theme of the record - love is an uncertain, undignified thing. You're asking somebody who could simply flush you away to "Pretend that [they] can wait / for our love to circle the drain," but the song argues, unconvincingly, that maybe it'll be fine if you see it coming.

The influence from Alanis Morissette and Avril Lavigne is most explicit on "18," which is a fantastic loser anthem expanding on the vulnerabilities and contradictions of being loved for being someone you've invented, someone incongruous with who you were in high school.

But the synthesized pop production that sparkles on songs like "18," "Leo," "Hurt Feelings," and "TAKE ME OUT!", skews even more towards Lady Gaga, Carly Rae Jepsen, and HAIM. This compelling demonstration of Fionn's lyrical and musical range adds to their appeal as ambassadors for the idea that even if something or someone doesn't love you back, you should still give it a shot. Fionn trades off, E-mo-tion style, between confiding in the listener and making grand anthemic declarations to the songs' subject/target: "You think I'm happy but you don't know me," makes "2014" another example of the album's sense of dissociation being delivered with high-flying pop hooks and climaxes. "Hurt Feelings," with great hangxiety, reflects on some party antics: "I should have walked in / played it cool and left." Fionn refers again to this separated self: the earnest, embarrassing person you actually are and the cool, disaffected person you wish you were. But the uncertainty and regret that this split creates is the emotional backbone of this album: "God I love ya, wish I didn't though."

Even if the chorus' structure and lyrics are incongruous on "Hurt Feelings," its rueful, embarrassed content is relatable yet specific enough to be effective as a subversion of the pop anthem so expertly delivered by "TAKE ME OUT!"

"TAKE ME OUT!" succinctly captures the energy of trying to make something - anything - happen with somebody you're desperately, unrequitedly obsessed with. Your personal desires are sublimated into your desire for this person. Every little sign and comment is a secret signal that they feel the same way. Despite you not being "on the same page," you still think "I saw our future in my head, it seemed alright." The obsession with making a terrible thing work is something I'm sure we all recognize.

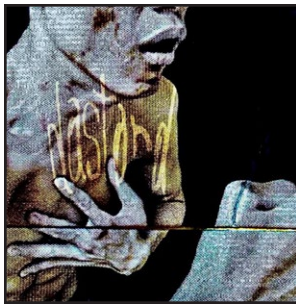
The final run of three songs unfortunately feels contrived. Even if the songs follow many of the same rules that make "18" or "TAKE ME OUT!" work, they're lacking the key balance of acidic ruefulness and ironic joie de vivre that elevate those songs to "banger" status.

"Runaway," which is lyrically and wandering, retreads Fionn's now-well-worn exploration of attaching undue significance to a near-stranger to avert a critical reflection into their emotional

turmoil: "We could go for coffee the next day / one more Sunday afternoon to keep the blue away." While it's enjoyable in its climaxes, there is a strained and tortured character to the lyrics and melody that give the impression that it was conceived out of some kind of contractual obligation. The song's generic refrain asking "Love you more than I love me," feels like an uncritical read on what this entanglement entails, especially when it was explored to much greater effect earlier. This might account for the hole in the stylistic papier-mache that the substance of a promising song has dripped through.

The final run of songs is really where the banger vehicle starts to run out of gas, made even more pronounced by the album's strong start. Even though "In a Next Life" contains sketchings of interesting poetries and images, it follows a well-worn route labeled "End of Album This Way >>>>." At the very least, it presents us with a conclusion to this whole business of an ambivalent situationship: get outta there while you still can. This fall-off might just be the result of trying to retread the good ideas already explored on the album, but it's certainly a forgivable instinct to want to keep the party going - even when it's clear that we should all head home.

Fionn very consciously explores and embodies this character while looking in the rearview; weighing the pros of detachment and "being cool" with the cons of lost innocence and truthfulness. Despite running out of gas near the end, the incredibly catchy songs and self-conscious-yet-audacious lyrics enter this album into a respectable pantheon of banger vehicles that get you up and moving - maybe not to the peak, but certainly out of the rut. This makes Fionn a fitting representative of, and antidote to, Vancouver and all its ambivalences.—*Thomas McLeod*



Dastard
Remote Control From a Distance
 (SELF-RELEASED) 10/31/24



Victoria noise rock band Dastard met in high school and have been playing music together ever since. Their sound has changed drastically from when they first united and this has culminated into their 2023 EP released on Hognose Records Remote Control from a Distance in 2023. The EP starts hard and heavy with the first track "4x4 Mudpit"'s frantic bass and drums, reminiscent of noise rock legends Unwound on "Message Received." which similarly, introduces their record Repitition The buried screaming vocals in tandem with the hypnotic instrumentals keeps the listener engaged, and it is at this point the listener knows they are in for a noisy, raw, adventure. The second track, self-titled "Dastard" begins with a sample before diving into an energy which matches the pertinent screams of "I've been a draft dodger my whole life" ring though clearly and really struck a chord with me before slowing to a break. The thunderous bass plays on and the panicked screams continue on as a slow outro, and a decompression for the listener. In the third track, "Battles in General" the usage of pauses really stands out to me and adds to the suspense and dissonance of the EP. The pauses in instrumentals while the vocalist screams; "I'll write a book about myself" really attracted me to the song, however I can also hear the audio begin to peak at the louder parts. I understand the placement of the song in the EP, however I think that "Hey, Horde Trailer" is simply too tinny. and has too much high end, and could benefit from a remixing of the song as I believe this would improve it greatly. The final track, "Chimneysweep" is the best song on the EP and a personal favourite of mine. The muted monologue in the beginning adds to a sense of growing dissonance and isolation that comes with noise rock and emo adjacent scenes that highlight vulnerability. The guitar riff played over this dialogue is also sublime. The vocals in this song are notably clear, which I think is to the benefit of "Chimneysweep". Around a minute and a half in the pace picks up before slowing down into the monologue once again at around 2 minutes in. At this point the vulnerability of the lyrics; "you could've stuck around" has space to resonate and amplify in the track before diving back into the noisy, violent, beautiful end.

Upon asking them a few questions through Instagram DMs, on their biggest inspirations they replied: "most bands on Touch and Go Records Amphetamine Reptile Records." Bands like Slint, Halo of Flies, and God Bullies are legends on these labels and I can definitely hear the influence of early noise-rock and punk in their work. The recording of Remote Control from a Distance was done almost completely alone by the members of Dastard besides the mastering showcasing its raw DIY ethic that I think we need more of in this world. On inquiry on their future plans they replied the plan is to lock themselves away for a month and write new stuff. "I mean it was fun and sounds rough. Excited for when we record next!"—*Oscar Gaitens-McManus*

REAL LIVE
ACTION

*A Valentine's Day Festival For Humanity
Ft. Jim E. Brown, Hermit, The Great
Pretension, The Return of Andy Kauffman*

FEBRUARY 14, @RED GATE ARTS SOCIETY

"On the record, I talked to the promoter, and, it was billed to me as a gauntlet," my friend Bee Shoemaker yells through a voice memo recording.

"The thing is, these openers have been going on for far too long. I want Jim E. Brown. There are three years of lore. There's lore. There is a following. Some sort of cult fixation going on in the city, and we are being deprived in a way that actually makes me a little sick to my stomach... but they -I - know they intended this to happen. [Hermit] vomited half an hour ago! Is it just baking on the stage?"

First on the bill was The Return of Andy Kauffman, a punk band who played only one song during their 40 minute set, split into multiple chunks delineated by the band leaving the stage, followed by some kid with red hair announcing the band's encore. Slowly, but surely, the crowd warmed up before some diligent two-steppers put things into action.

A clown appeared next on stage, named The Great Pretension. Apparently the lore behind this clown's appearance was that the promoter found a poster on a telephone pole for a clown, and booked the clown for the gig. He had goggles made out of a takeaway container, with no lenses, of course. Audience members threw change into the metal pail on the stage left by The Return of Andy Kauffman. He wasn't particularly interesting, but was being hyped up by the audience.

Next was Hermit Porter-Bridges, the alias for one Isaiah Lehtinen of *I Like Movies* (2022) fame. He had a Beatles haircut, a Beatles fanclub pin, and was dressed in a casual school uniform. His visceral soundcloud rap permeated through the raging smoke machine, accented by the occasional phone notification going off from his DJ (who was using his phone to mix the backing tracks in between taking hits of his dab pen.) The pièce de résistance of his set was the vomiting, which happened through triggering his overexertion asthma symptoms. He did it twice.

Perhaps the vomiting was his attempt at capturing the most banal, vile inner scope of the human condition - just lying there under the spotlight, being stepped on. An evocation of the sublime, or a moment of novelty before the crowd was back to being bored. These openers were unfortunately going on for far too long. But then Jim E. Brown comes out on stage.

Jim E. Brown is a 19-year old from Didsbury, Manchester who was born on September 10, 2001 - the day before 9/11. He has released 25 albums within the last four years. His online profiles and

various physical merch that I browsed before the show began boast an extensive amount of AI. In a way, Jim E. Brown is an IRL AI manifestation, a vessel for our collective data imaginations of those 80s art school post-punk types, Morrissey and Mark E. Smith and Manchester; so much to answer for.

I was so used to seeing clips of Brown's live shows where he shouts into the void of a stiff crowd. As if he is preaching to the heavens. I was so used to an audience who simply didn't know what to do with him except smile, nod, chuckle a little, and clutch their can of IPA. At this show, at the Red Gate Arts Society, I had to stand my ground, lest I risked being sucked into the push pit of antsy concertgoers who were impatient to see him get on stage. It was getting late, we were all tired. By the time Brown went into his second song, 'SOMEONE LEFT FOUR CHICKEN FILLETS IN MARIE LOUISE GARDENS,' the levee burst.

In between each song people in the audience gave him copious amounts of alcohol, and he looked miserable drinking all of it. But he wanted more. He really wanted a Cosmopolitan at one point and kept asking for one, "like Sex And The City." I can only hope someone managed to get him a vodka cran later. "Shall I fuck off now?" he would ask us after each song. And, of course, we would state the obvious answer en masse.

There is an amazing sense of pathos when listening to Jim E. Brown. The sheer melodrama of his performance. The weight of defeat as he does a spoken word rendition of his song "I CAN SMELL THE MICE HAVING SEX BEHIND THE WALLS," a reflection of the humiliation of hearing these mere pests get more action just beyond the walls than him. Brown's set came to a full crescendo with an absolutely unruly performance of the Owl City song "Fireflies."

I look to the side of the stage to see Hermit/Isaiah, fresh from cleaning his own vomit on the stage, looking at Jim with wonder and awe in his eyes. For Valentine's Day, the venue was packed. A cult fixation surely abounds for this man in this city.

—*Yaya Akolo*

CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

"Discorder recommends listening to CiTR every day." - Discorder.

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	
6 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		DEMOCRACY NOW!	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX	6 AM
7 AM	WORDS AND CULTURE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	HARBINGER SHOWCASE	VAZHADHA VAZHKAI	VIEWPOINTS CiTR GHOST MIX	RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	ELECTRONIC INTIFADA	7 AM
8 AM				IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES OUTDOOR PURSUITS			FUTURE ECOLOGIES	8 AM
9 AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	QUEER FM	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	RUSSIAN TIM SHOW	QUEER FM		CLASSICAL CHAOS	9 AM
10 AM		CiTR GHOST MIX IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD	CiTR GHOST MIX	BREAKING BARRIERS	FILM PICNIC	THE SATURDAY EDGE		10 AM
11 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	GREEN FOREST GROVE CiTR GHOST MIX	JESSE'S LIT	CiTR GHOST MIX	DISCOLLIE		SHOOKSHOOKTA	11 AM
12 PM	LETHAL REFRESH	CiTR GHOST MIX	THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH	UNCEDDED AIRWAVES		12 PM
1 PM		SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI	LA BONNE HEURE W. VALIE LE REETUAL	WHAT'S IN THE HAT (EVERY 2ND THURS) HAIL! DISCORDIA! (EVERY 3RD THURS)	MUSE'ISH (MONTHLY) CHOPPED 'N' SCREWED		THE ROCKERS SHOW	1 PM
2 PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	LEENIN' WITH JEFF	CiTR GHOST MIX LYRICS WE LOVE	TRAINING TIME	BEPI CRESPIAN PRESENTS... AND NARDUWAR	POWER CHORD		2 PM
3 PM	AMATEUR HOUR CiTR GHOST MIX	TRAINING TIME VISUAL MEDIA	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN	CiTR GHOST MIX HARMONIC HOOLIGANS			RADIO LATINA MIXXX	3 PM
4 PM	CiTR RADIO ALL SORT	TEACHABLE MOMENTS	THE REEL WHIRLED	CiTR GHOST MIX	NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS	CODE BLUE		4 PM
5 PM	UNCEDDED AIRWAVES	TAKE JUAN HAZY FREQUENCIES	NOISE COMPLAINT ART BEAT	DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT	PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD	MANTRA (BI-WEEKLY) THE ARMAN AND AKHIL SHOW (MONTHLY) CiTR GHOST MIX (MONTHLY)	MUSIC OF UKRAINE VIVAPORÚ	5 PM
6 PM	SPIT IN YOUR EAR GOBSTOP PERRR	I LUV U HOUR EURO NEURO	KAFU MUZIK	CiTR GHOST MIX THE CITARCHIVES SHOW MIXOTROPH	FRIDAY NIGHT FEVER	LATE NIGHT TAKE-OUT CiTR GHOST MIX MEOW MEOW KITTY GIRL KITTY GIRL PURR	CiTR GHOST MIX BAMU-LADES CiTR GHOST MIX	6 PM
7 PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	CiTR GHOST MIX AFRICA'S LIT	THE MEDICINE SHOW	SAMS-QUANCTH'S HIDEAWAY AZZUCAR MORENA NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTC SLOP TROUGH		CiTR GHOST MIX		7 PM
8 PM				CROWD FLIP (1ST THUR) THE MIX SOUP (2ND THURS) PANDORA'S BOX (3RD THURS)	CANADA POST ROCK	CiTR GHOST MIX	TECHNO PROGRESSIVO	8 PM
9 PM		CRIMES & TREASONS					CiTR GHOST MIX ATTIC JAMS (MONTHLY)	9 PM
10 PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	J CHILLIN	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SOCA STORM	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH		10 PM
11 PM		SLIMEWIRE SAXOPHONE LA NUIT		COPY/PASTE	CiTR GHOST MIX			11 PM
12 AM			AFTN SOCCER SHOW	ONE HOUR HAPPY FUN TIME MUZIK		RANDOPHONIC	CiTR GHOST MIX	12 AM
1 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX			RADIO ART OVERNIGHT			1 AM
2 AM			CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX		THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA		2 AM
LATE NIGHT								LATE NIGHT

STUDENT PROGRAMMING

CiTR COLLECTIVE PROGRAMMING

SYNDICATED PROGRAMMING

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Monday

WORDS AND CULTURE

7AM-8AM, TALK / LANGUAGE

Words and Culture weaves conversations with Indigenous language and knowledge keepers together with music by Indigenous artists. The team creating this original content is made up exclusively of Indigenous producers, hosts and guests. Words and Culture is funded by SiriusXM Canada through the Community Radio Fund of Canada.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8AM-11AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

Every Monday morning since 1988 Breakfast with the Browns has been the place offering a chance to stay in a mood... playing all the best ambient, down-lounge, electronic, ASMR, pop-lounge-core music...strictly squaresville.

• BREAKFASTWITHTHEBROWNS@HOTMAIL.COM

LETHAL REFRESH

12PM-1PM, CLUB / DANCE

On lethal refresh, we scour the net for the hottest new tracks and send them straight to you. Log on for lethal refresh Mondays 3-4 for tracks that are lethal as freak, refreshed each week.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Treading water for over 25 years!!!!

• CHRIS@RIFFC@GMAIL.COM

AMATEUR HOUR

ALTERNATING MON 3PM-4PM, TALK/ MUSIC/DISCUSSION

Amateur Hour is all about discovering new music by interviewing local, student, and amateur musicians about the music they make and the music they love.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CITR RADIO ALL-SORTS

4PM-5PM, ECCLECTIC/WEIRD/CULTURE

Join new volunteers in CITR's programming department for a dangerously new and eclectic mix of songs every week. Every second week Radio All-Sorts is by and for people who experience gender marginalization. Do you want to be on Radio All-Sorts? Attend a tour of CiTR and become a member

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

UNCEDED AIRWAVES

5PM-6PM, INDIGENOUS STORIES

Hosted by the Indigenous Collective, Unceded Airwaves unveils the hidden pages of Indigenous history and contemporary existence.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SPIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Presented by the Music Collective of CITR.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

GOBSTOPPERRR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, NO TALK / ONLY ROCK

So good you stop talking.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, FILM/CULTURE/ECCLECTIC

This one-man variety show profiles music from film, TV & other visual media + songs for a future soundtrack. Spotlights cover composers, genres & ambience; all embracing discovery & ironclad whimsy.

• RADIOFREEGAG@GMAIL.COM

THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ/RAP

A show about Jazz music with emphasis on authentic Jazz music from various eras, and not any common hybrid styles that leave out essential qualities that define authentic Jazz.

• GAVJAZZ@YAHOO.COM

Tuesday

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, BLUEGRASS / COUNTRY / OLD-TIME

The best in Bluegrass, Old-Time, Classic Country, Cajun, Rockabilly, Western Swing and whatever jumps off the shelves at us.

• PACIFICPICKIN@YAHOO.COM

IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD

ALTERNATING TUES 10AM-1030AM, LGBTQIA2s+ / SOCIAL JUSTICE

In Our Gaybourhood is a queer oral history journey exploring the stories and lived experiences of advocates, educators, and students who create space for 2SLGBTQIA+ advocacy, education, and educators in BC.

• INOURGAYBOURHOOD@GMAIL.COM

GREEN FOREST GROVE

ALTERNATING TUES 11AM-12PM, BLUEGRASS / EXPERIMENTAL / ART

Down from the smoky hills of Blue Mountain, along Grey Mountain Road, lies Green Forest Grove, the hidden abode of music production.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI

1PM-2PM, CLASSICAL / JAZZ / ECCLECTIC

The music curated for Saxophone a l'après midi and Saxophone la nuit track the historical and philosophical development of music from jazz sub-genres in the 60's-70's to contemporary

music, improvisation, rap, hip-hop, and spoken word.

• BAYLIE.ADAMS@ICLOUD.COM

LEENIN' WITH JEFF

2PM-3PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

LEEnin with Jeff explores literature (fiction stories, poetry), romcom reviews, and interviews that give an opportunity for others to be aware of different areas of study and career paths.

• JFLEE0070@GMAIL.COM

TRAINING TIME

ALTERNATING TUES 3PM-4PM, GET ON THE AIR!

A weekly training session for the radio-curious!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VISUAL MEDIA

ALTERNATING TUES 3PM-4PM, VISUAL / MEDIA

Post-punk, rock, and variety music, weird and queer

• VISUALMEDIARADIO@GMAIL.COM

TEACHABLE MOMENTS

TUES 4PM-5PM, PUNK/ELECTRONIC/ EXPERIMENTAL / FOLK / DISCUSSION

citr's 1-stop-shop for what's hot & what's not since 2019

• @TEACHABLEMOMENTS_____

TAKE JUAN

ALTERNATING TUES 5PM-6PM,, TALK / FILM / DISCUSSION

"Take Juan" is a celebration of cinema. Hosted by Juan Pablo Saa, this show provides listeners across Canada with passionate conversations, in-depth analyses, and heated discussions of anything film-related.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HAZY FREQUENCIES

ALTERNATING TUE 5PM-6PM, ROCK

Hazy Frequencies is a radio show covering music in the emo and shoegaze genres from the 90s to the present.

• OSCAR.GAITENS@GMAIL.COM

I LUV U HOUR

ALTERNATING TUE 6PM, CRUSH / LOVE

<3<3<3

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EURO NEURO

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, DISCUSSION / POLITICS / EUROVISION

Euro Neuro is a Eurovision Song Contest show with a recap of the Contest focusing on how the political and social events have been influencing the contest and song entries.

• EURONEURO.CITR@GMAIL.COM

MOZZY'S MORSELS

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TBD

TBD

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AFRICA'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK/ WORLD

A journey across the globe to faraway countries and distant times. More than just books, it's an hour of music, interviews and analyses brought together to highlight the best of African Literature.

• AFRICA'S.LIT@GMAIL.COM

CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, RAP / CULTURE / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Crimes & Treasons is 2 hours of new uncensored music. Every Tuesday Night at 8pm-10pm PST with hosts Jamal Steeles and Malik.

• @JSCRIMESANDTREASONS.COM/CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM

OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

10PM-11PM, TALK / MUSIC

Host Issa Arrian, introduces you to his various interest through his unique lens. From news, pop culture, to sports. Issa will surely have an interesting take, that is undeniable.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SLIMEWIRE

ALTERNATING TUE 11PM-12AM, MUSIC / DISCUSSION

Still waiting for this world to stop hating

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAXAPHONE LA NUIT

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, JAZZ / SAX

A continuation of Saxophone a l'après midi, at night.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

Wednesday

DEMOCRACY NOW

6AM-7AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD

Democracy Now! produces a daily, global, independent news hour hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan González. Our reporting includes breaking daily news headlines and in-depth interviews with people on the front lines of the world's most pressing issues. On Democracy Now!, you'll hear a diversity of voices speaking for themselves, providing a unique and sometimes provocative perspective on global events.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARBINGER SHOWCASE

7AM-8AM, CURRENT AFFAIRS/SOCIAL JUSTICE / CULTURE

Weekly highlights from Canada's #1 coast-to-coast community of politically and socially progressive podcasts including Alberta Advantage, The Breach Show, Tech Won't Save Us, Press Progress Sources & 55 more.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECCLECTIC / POP

The Suburban Jungle is a music show focusing on funk, soul, dub, downtempo, electronica and other musical genres.

• DJ@JACKVELVET.NET

JESS'S LIT

11AM-12PM, ART / CULTURE / LITERATURE

Jess' Lit delves into literatures - songs, poetry, books, movies, etc. - of all genres from a variety of eras, providing analysis, or just a fun time exploring new ideas and works throughout history.

• LEEJESS2002@GMAIL.COM

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECCLECTIC / EVERYTHING

Eclectic, all different genres and eras

• DVHP@SHAW.CA

LA BONNE HEURE

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, ANYTHING / EVERYTHING

Chatting to your current favourite musicians or helping you discover new ones. From indie to pop, and everything in between, join 'La Bonne Heure' for a little bit of it all

• VALIE.CA/CONTACT-US

LE REETUAL

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, MUSIC

Do you live and breathe music? On Le Reetual you can dive deep into different musical universes through new categories every episode. Tune in every other Wednesday at 1:00pm for an hour of the best DJ hosts in the world!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LYRICS WE LOVE

LAST WED OF THE MONTH 2-3, MUSIC/ LYRICS/LOVE

A show all about lyrics and why we love them! We play tunes and talk about little snippets of lyrics that stand out in each song and why. Each episode will cover a different topic, theme, or guest.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN

WED 3PM-4PM, POP SPELLS / WATER / TOIL

the show that doesn't happen on a physical mountain, but it does happen in the mountains of your mind.

• ARTCOORDINATOR@CITR.CA

THE REEL WHIRLED

ED 4PM-5PM, FILM

"The official show of the UBC Film Society. "The Reel Whirled" is a show made by and for film buffs! Hosted by Lily Grove, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ART BEAT

ALTERNATING WED 5PM-6PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The Arts Report, run by CITR's Arts Collective, focuses on arts and culture in so-called 'Vancouver' (and beyond!). Blending reviews, interviews, songs and playful banter, the Arts Report connects listeners to the arts community that CITR is part of.

• ARTS@CITR.CA

KAFU MUZIK

ALTERNATING WED 6PM-7PM, FRANCO-PHONE / MUSIC

Discover the music of the Francophone World - from Canada to Vietnam. At Kafou Muzik languages, rhythms, and genres of five continents intersect. Produced in collaboration with UBC's Centre de la Francophonie.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MEDICINE SHOW

ALTERNATING WED 7PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC/ PERFORMANCE

Broadcasting Healing Energy with LIVE Music and laughter! A multi-media variety show, featuring LIVE music, industry guests and hopefully some insight.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ANALOG GEMATRIA

ALTERNATING WEDS 8PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC

gematria is the practice of assigning numerical values to words- probably developed by ancient greeks, much as the sh/T and listen to music we also have sick guests n live performances . ONE LOVE . we play everything!!!!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

ALTERNATING WED 630PM-8PM, ROCK/ POP/INDIE

If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

J CHILLIN

9PM-11PM, TALK/PUNK/RAP/ART

#freeJchillin' ur fav cult classic r*dio show!! nothing happens on this show we just chill literally just shoot the sh/T and listen to music we also have sick guests n live performances . ONE LOVE . we play everything!!!!

• NICKMONI2@LIVE.CA

AFTN SOCCER SHOW

11PM-1PM, SPORTS / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

A weekly soccer discussion show centered around Vancouver Whitecaps and the game in BC. Established in 2013, it is the longest running English-speaking soccer podcast in Canada.

• AFTNCANADASHOTMAIL.COM

Thursday

IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, WEIRD CULTURE/LOCAL MUSIC HISTORY

Memories of Vancouver live music venues which no longer exist from the local musicians who played there. Each episode is a walk through a neighbourhood.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VAZHADHA VAZHKA!

7AM-8AM, TALK / WORLD

UBC's Tamil Radio Show! Talking about how we can ensure that Tamil culture is maintained for many generations after immigration.

• VAZHADHAVAZHKA1@GMAIL.COM

OUTDOOR PURSUITS

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, NATURE SOUNDS/HOWLING

Jade Quinn-McDonald explores the outdoors with guests from many walks of life.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

RUSSIAN TUNK SHOW

9AM-10AM, PUNK

Hello hello hello! I interview bands and play new, international, and local punk rock music. Broadcasted by Russian Tim in Broken English. Great Success!

• ROCKETFROMRUSSIA.TUMBLR.COM/ROCKETFROMRUSSIA@ICEMAIL.COM/

BTIMA.TZAR / FACEBOOK: ROCKETFFROMRUSSIA

BREAKING BARRIERS

10AM-11AM, EXPERIMENTAL/CLASSICAL

A celebration of experimental and underground music and sound art. Featuring records from 1950-present played in their entirety. Focus on: contemporary classical composers, free jazz, improvised music, and experimental rock.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HORNY MUSIC

11AM-12PM, MUSIC/HORNS/ECCLECTIC

Spreading the love for songs with horns in (brass and sax) limited by a difference in theme each week. Get ready for some aural pleasure.

• HORNYMUSICSHOW@GMAIL.COM

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Sweet treats from the pop underground, since 2006. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts. "You don't have to be a pro to be on the radio"

• DUNCANSDONUTS@GMAIL.COM

WHAT'S IN THE HAT

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, CULTURE/ COMEDY/DISCUSSION

Catch What's in the Hat?, where people with disabilities lead lively games and deep conversations. Each episode offers refreshing takes to some of life's biggest questions. Tune in for genuine moments and unexpected surprises!

• HANNAH.NOLAN@POSSABILITIES.CA

HAIL! DISCORDIA!

MONTHLY 1PM-2PM, ART / CULTURE / DISORDER

Hail! Discordia! is an audio translation of Disorder Magazine. Every third Thursday Izzy and Zoie spend an hour covering themes/submissions from the recent Disorder publication.

• ISABELLE.WHITTALL3@GMAIL.COM

TRAINING TIME

ALTERNATING THU 2PM-3PM, GET ON THE AIR!

A weekly training session for the radio-curious!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARMONIC HOOLIGANS

ALTERNATING THU 3PM-4PM, MUSIC / EAR SOUNDS

Just three guys trying to show you some new tunes for your ears.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT

5PM-6PM, ROCK/FOLK/ECCLECTIC

A plant- and nature-based alternative music show for everyone from the experts to the over-waterers.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

MIXOTROPH

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, CULTURE/ELECTIC

Allow us to fertilize your mind with an eclectic mix of world sounds and genres, music history and useless trivia. We have something for everyone.

• NGILL@OUNIGMAIL.COM

CITARCHIVES SHOW

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, CULTURE/ARTS

Hosted by Sophie Dieblod, the CiTArchives show explores the depths of CITR and Disorder's archives and the treasure found within

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AZZUCAR MORENA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, MUSIC / TALK

Latin culture, migrant experiences, artist support and music.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTC SLOP TROUGH

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, ELECTRONIC

Live, 1-hour mixes featuring strictly the absolute worst the electronic underground has to offer. Expect B2Bs and guest mixes featuring only the most subversive of selectors.

CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS

march 2025

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	Devours*+	<i>Sports Car Era</i>	SURVIVING THE GAME
2	Wiles*+	<i>If You Can Hear Me Now You're Not Far Enough Away</i>	GOOD STONES // CALM WATER
3	Vves Jarvis*	<i>All Cylinders</i>	NEXT DOOR
4	water margin*+	<i>Gleaming Cursed</i>	KINGFISHER BLUEZ
5	Tariq*+	<i>Scroll Before You Sleep</i>	TINY KINGDOM
6	Stucco*	<i>LP1</i>	SELF-RELEASED
7	Saya Gray	<i>SAYA</i>	MARION MURATA
8	Joni Void*	<i>Every Life Is A Light</i>	CONSTELLATION
9	Milk & Bone*	<i>Baby Dreamer</i>	LITTLE MOURNING
10	Various Artists*	<i>Forest City Series, Vol. 6</i>	A PERSON DISGUISED AS PEOPLE
11	Merchants	<i>Marrow</i>	ARTETETRA
12	Art d'Ecco*	<i>Serene Demon</i>	PAPER BAG
13	Nap Eyes*	<i>The Neon Gate</i>	PAPER BAG
14	Dean Blunt/ Elias Ronnenfelt	<i>lucre</i>	WORLD MUSIC
15	FORMING	<i>Signals</i>	SELF-RELEASED
16	The Magic Triangle	<i>Trapo Casual</i>	SELF-RELEASED
17	Steeple*	<i>Fishbowl Heaven</i>	SELF-RELEASED
18	KMVP*	<i>Past-life Regression</i>	SELF-RELEASED
19	Christian Sean*	<i>Hallelujah Showers</i>	BONSOUND
20	Sam Lynch*+	<i>Outline</i>	BIRTHDAY CAKE
21	Who Cares Club*+	<i>Who Cares?</i>	SELF-RELEASED
22	Sunnsetter*	<i>Heaven Hang Over Me</i>	PAPER BAG
23	Prism Shores*	<i>Out From Underneath</i>	MERITORIO
24	recovery girl	<i>NAUSEA RAVE</i>	GALEN TIPTON
25	NET GALA	<i>GALAPAGGOT</i>	HAKUNA KULALA
26	Horsegirl	<i>Phonetics On and On</i>	MATADOR
27	Wizaard*	<i>PECI</i>	LISBON LUX
28	SILLY*	<i>Fewer Views</i>	SELF-RELEASED
29	Oklou	<i>choke enough</i>	TRUE PANTHER
30	FEM du lit	<i>STIGMATA</i>	LA FEM
31	Aster Dawn*+	<i>Phantasm</i>	SELF-RELEASED
32	Marie Davidson*	<i>City Of Clowns</i>	DEEWEE
33	Voiles*	<i>Hold On</i>	SELF-RELEASED
34	MORRISMORRIS*	<i>Personal Party Music</i>	SELF-RELEASED
35	Frog	<i>1000 Variations on the Same Song</i>	TAPEWORMIES
36	Charlie Houston*	<i>Big After I Die</i>	ARTS & CRAFTS
37	Tunic*	<i>A Harmony of Loss Has Been Sung</i>	MIDWEST DEBRIS
38	usof	<i>stay longer</i>	THEORY THERAPY
39	Ichiko Aoba	<i>Luminescent Creatures</i>	PSYCHICH HOTLINE
40	Clara Dahlie*	<i>MIRACLES DES OMBRES</i>	SELF-RELEASED
41	Traveler*	<i>Prequel To Madness</i>	SELF-RELEASED
42	Matt Hsu's Obscure Orchestra	<i>Noodle</i>	SELF-RELEASED
43	Chicane Lane*+	<i>Predawn Blue</i>	SELF-RELEASED
44	Heavy Trip*+	<i>Liquid Planet</i>	SELF-RELEASED
45	The Hausplants*+	<i>Into Equilibrium</i>	SELF-RELEASED
46	PISSGRAVE	<i>Malignant Worthlessness</i>	PROFOUND LORE
47	Autonomous Apes*+	<i>Blame Me</i>	SELF-RELEASED
48	drive your plow over the bones of the dead*+	<i>tragedy as catharsis</i>	SELF-RELEASED
49	hemlock	<i>november</i>	SELF-RELEASED
50	OMBIIGIZI*	<i>SHAME</i>	ARTS & CRAFTS
vomiting on stage, twice.			

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played most on air over the last month. Artists with asterisks (*) are Canadian and those marked plus (+) are local. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy addressed to Aisia Witteveen Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes to bello@citrr.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.

KEEP UBC FAMILY HOUSING AFFORDABLE!

STUDENTS SAY NO TO STEEP RENT INCREASES



SIGN THE PETITION AS AN ACADIA PARK TENANT OR SUPPORTER



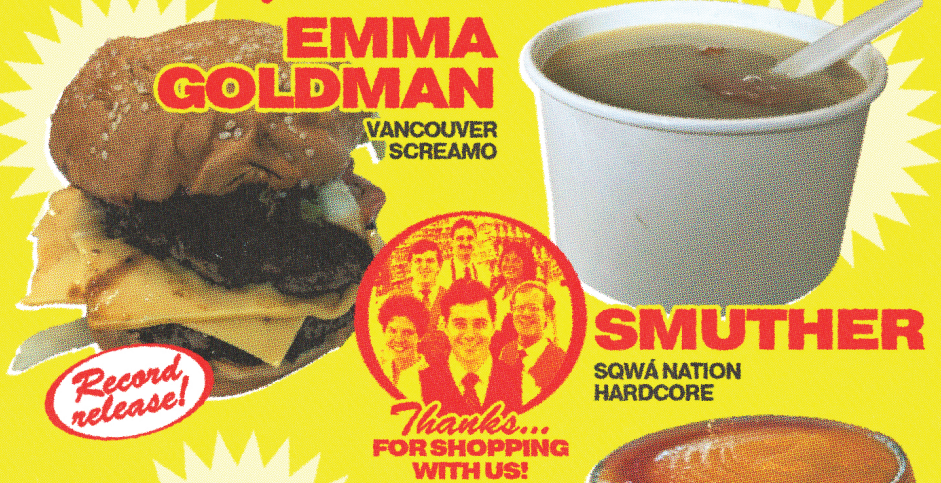
SIGN & SHARE YOUR STORY HERE

Vancouver Tenants Union



RECORD RELEASE

"all you are is we"



DRIVE YOUR PLOW OVER THE BONES OF THE DEAD

VANCOUVER SKRAMZ

\$20 COVER
FRI. MAY 9, 2025
1965 MAIN STREET • ALL AGES
DOORS AT 8 • BANDS AT 9

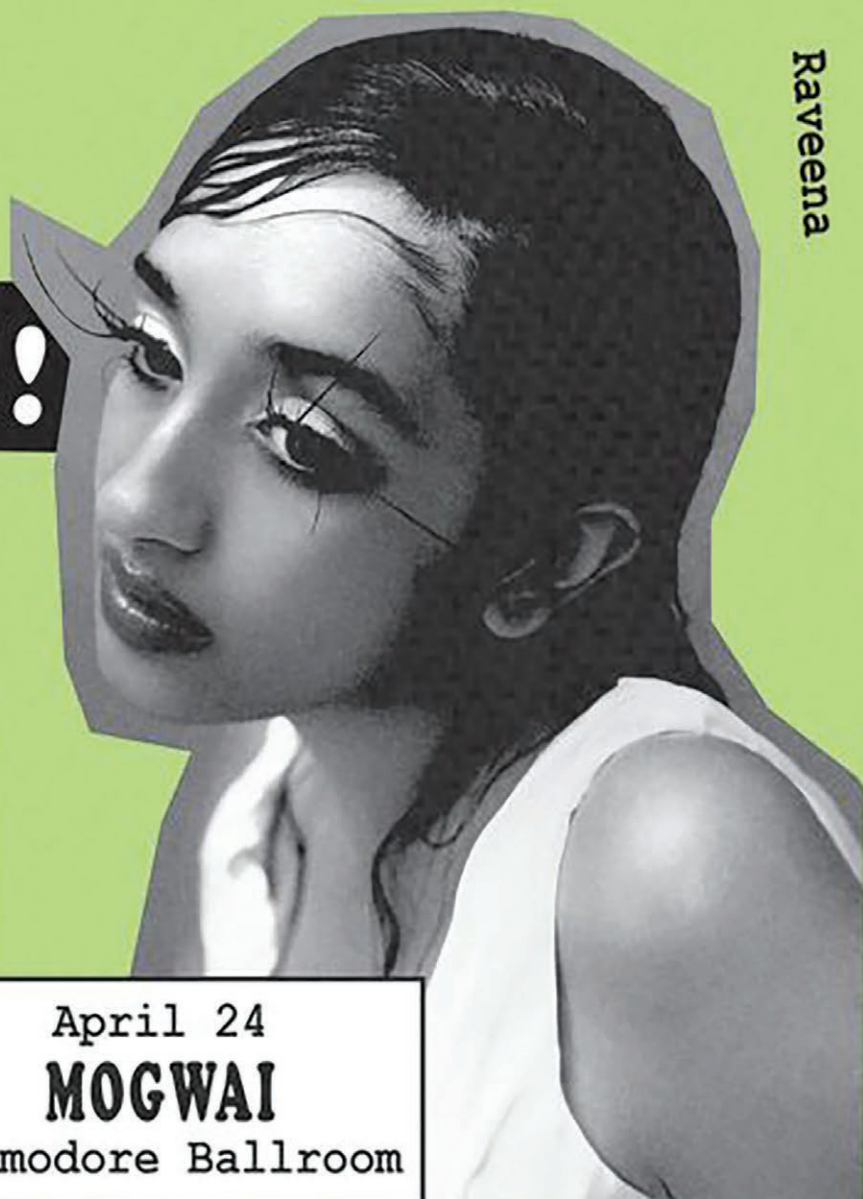


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VICTORIA EMOTIVE
HARDCORE

RED GATE ARTS SOCIETY SERVING YOU FRESH WITH GRATITUDE AT EVERY SHOW!!!

UPCOMING SHOWS IN VANCOUVER!

Raveena



April 4

YOUTH LAGOON

Biltmore Cabaret

April 5

DARKSIDE

Vogue Theatre

April 7

BEAK>

Hollywood Theatre

April 10

WILLIS

Wise Hall

April 13

CYHSY

Biltmore Cabaret

April 14

MAGI MERLIN

Fox Cabaret

April 24

MOGWAI

Commodore Ballroom

April 30

RAVEENA

Commodore Ballroom

May 1

CLIPPING.

Rickshaw Theatre

May 8

THE HARD QUARTET

Commodore Ballroom

May 13

MOLLY LEWIS

Fox Cabaret

May 14

HIPPO CAMPUS

Vogue Theatre

May 14

BARTEES STRANGE

Hollywood Theatre

May 15

THE WEATHER STATION

Hollywood Theatre

May 21

SARA KAYS

Fox Cabaret

May 23

PANDA BEAR

Hollywood Theatre

May 24

CHEEKFACE

Wise Hall

June 8

VARIETOPIA

Commodore Ballroom

June 12

DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS & DEER TICK

Commodore Ballroom

June 20

THE PHARCYDE

Hollywood Theatre

June 23

PROVOKER

Biltmore Cabaret

Tickets & more info:
timbreconcerts.com

